

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

Loyalty Tests and the United Nations

W. Friedmann

► ONE OF THE MAIN foundations of an international society not totally subservient to national sovereignty is an international civil service. The building up of such a service requires time, patience and devotion. The League of Nations — though it failed in so many of its essential purposes—had gone far in establishing the principles of an international service thanks largely to the efforts of its Secretary-General, Sir Eric Drummond. The United Nations and all the post-war international agencies constructed around it have attached great importance to the further development of a genuine international service. Article 100 of the Charter reads as follows:

"1. In the performance of their duties the Secretary-General and the staff shall not seek or receive instructions from any Government or from any other authority external to the Organization. They shall refrain from any action which might reflect on their position as international officials responsible only to the Organization.

2. Each Member of the United Nations undertakes to respect the exclusively international character of the responsibilities of the Secretary-General and the staff and not to seek to influence them in the discharge of their responsibilities."

This provision is reinforced by article 105 which grants to the Organization as well as to its officials "such privileges and immunities as are necessary for the independent exercise of their functions in connection with the Organization."

Similar provisions are found in the constitutions of all the specialized institutions of the United Nations agencies, and the Convention of 1946 has worked out in detail the scope of these immunities and privileges.

In a sense, the Secretariat constitutes the only genuinely super-national nucleus of international organizations. The members' delegates — as we have already learned only too well—represent national points of view. The International Court of Justice suffers from the reluctance of the states to entrust important cases to its jurisdiction. The mix-up of nationalities in joint and constant work for an institution provides the main hope for the slow growth of an

"esprit de corps" and the breaking down of the exaggerated predominance of national loyalties.

For all these reasons the recent demand by the United States that its own national loyalty tests should apply to all United States employees of the United Nations—and perhaps even more the virtual concession of this claim by the outgoing Secretary-General, Mr. Trygve Lie—has raised grave misgivings among many member states of the United Nations. There had been much discussion about the seat of United Nations Headquarters. Many states were reluctant to abandon the traditional host countries of international organizations, such as Switzerland or the Netherlands, small but highly respected countries untainted with both the claims and burdens of a great power. Eventually, the United States' claim prevailed on the ground that the location of the Headquarters inside the United States would greatly strengthen her association with the United Nations. In some ways this has proved correct. The United States' share of the United Nations budget is over 35 per cent. About 2,000 United

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Editorials

Cry the Beloved Country

There seems to be little ahead for Africa south of the Sahara that can be unaccompanied by tears. Seemingly inexorable forces show themselves in nationalist victory in the south, local white-dominated federation in the centre, and bloodshed in the east. Only in West Africa where highly educated Africans make self-government under the Crown a precarious possibility does there appear much sign of hope, and that only if it is not frustrated by the designs of other white minorities in Africa or the inability of Whitehall to continue present progress. In one of his illuminating articles in *International Journal*, Rodney Grey observes that "In those parts of Africa where the whites are determined to dominate, it seems difficult to forecast anything but repression, bloodshed and a continued reliance upon force." The rapid development of an uncompromising white nationalism is being inexorably followed by the development of an implacable black nationalism, and of this latter force Christopher Gell has said in the *Frontier* that "Nothing brings unity more quickly than a good cause to fight against and the emotional response to martyrdom."

There is no simple policy for Africa, and now not even the spurious advantages of distance can make the problem look simple. Governments must work within a situation where enormous population shifts, real economic threats and past government mistakes have created a situation that cannot be reversed. Thousands of Africans are de-tribalized, the economy and their fate *does* depend on their labor, Afrikaaner nationalists are already a powerful minority in Southern Rhodesia, the bitterness engendered by the whole system of the pass laws is deep and ineradicable. High sounding policies have become a front for brutal realities: "race partnership" is only another name for white domination, and the alternative "partnership of individuals" could easily be only another name for a black domination whose ruthlessness has not yet been experienced though it has of course been created by the whites.

There is solid hope that continuing enlightened British policy in West Africa may help to consolidate African-led governments there. There is some hope that social and economic betterment of the African in Central Africa as a probable result of federation will not be outweighed by a worsening of his political condition. Whether or not opposition to the race policies of the South African Government can be carried out without bloodshed seems more problematical, and it ill befits us at this distance to do much more than admire the quiet courage of the long suffering educated African leaders on the spot and the coolness of men like the Archbishop of Capetown who has constantly represented to the government the position of the Christian Council of South Africa. In making representations against the passage of the Public Safety Bill, the Archbishop drew attention to its provision that if a man makes a speech in which he criticizes an existing law, and if it is held by a magistrate that his criticism of that law was "calculated" to cause someone to break it, such a man could be sent to prison for five years, be fined 500 pounds, and/or receive a whipping. "If we are commanded to do so," said the Archbishop to the Minister of Justice, "we can only say, like the Apostles, 'We must obey God rather than men.' But we are not only thinking of ourselves. We would urge the great importance of all citizens being allowed, and indeed encouraged, to criticize existing laws. It is by such education of public opinion that

laws have in the past been improved and can be improved in the future."

B.C.'s Coming Election

British Columbia's first Social Credit government has been defeated at last on the floor of the legislature, and now a new election has been called for June. This will be a crucial test, not only for British Columbia but for Canada as a whole, in view of the effects it is likely to have on the Federal elections in the Fall. If Social Credit wins a clear majority this time, it is likely to be in office for a long while, as it has been in Alberta.

Few if any sessions of a provincial legislature in recent years have been as fascinating to observe as the recent one in B.C. In addition to the Speaker, Social Credit commanded a mere 18 members in the House (only two of whom had had previous legislative experience) as against 18 for the CCF, 6 Liberals, 2 Progressive Conservatives and one Independent Labor. The Socreds welcomed a defeat and a new election as soon as possible because they reasoned that, after the smashing defeat of the two Old Parties in the election last summer, they would provide the only strong "free enterprise" alternative to the socialist CCF. They would thus gain large numbers of Liberal and Conservative votes and be returned with a substantial majority. The Liberals in particular were anxious to avoid an early election at all costs, for fear of drawing a complete blank. Thus for almost eight weeks, despite all sorts of provocation at the hands of the Socreds, they ate very humble pie and supported the Government on every issue that was put to a vote of confidence. Finally in the last week of March they voted with the Socialists and Tories to defeat a controversial bill for educational finance.

The Socreds, novices though they may be, have been making political hay aplenty. On several issues they have managed to steal some CCF thunder and at the same time castigate the two old parties for previous blunders. The Minister of Lands and Forests has blasted the previous Liberal-Tory coalition regime for turning over valuable resources to private interests at too cheap a price. The Minister of Finance has announced new taxes to be levied on major lumber and mining concerns, despite howls of anguish from prominent business representatives. Alleged "irregularities" of the previous government in prison administration, liquor control and milk distribution have been exposed and widely publicized. And so on.

Some parts of the Social Credit program may boomerang, however. The demands of the two major labor organizations for long overdue reforms in labor legislation have been

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ignored. An up-country Social Credit member's wild McCarthy-like attack on school teachers and the educational system generally has alienated many people—particularly when it was followed almost immediately by the government's firing a key member of the Department of Education, a high-level civil servant with nineteen years' experience. And the new program for educational finance, on which the government was defeated, has aroused widespread opposition. Even the lone Socred member from Vancouver voted against his party on that issue, on the grounds that the proposed method of financing would put an unfair burden on the city.

With the same confusing "alternative" voting system that was used last year, the forthcoming election is as unpredictable as ever. What makes it even more interesting, and unpredictable, is that all three opposition parties—CCF, Liberals, and Progressive Conservatives—have recently chosen new provincial leaders.

Sin — Original and Otherwise

In the Province of Ontario Mr. O. J. Silverthorn has the right, on behalf of the Government of Ontario, to tell all citizens what motion pictures or what parts of motion pictures they may or may not see. By law he has the right to direct what film material may be used in the program of a church, a Chamber of Commerce, a Rotary club, a farm group, a political party, or a trade union. He also has the right to control what educational motion pictures teachers will be able to choose for their classrooms.

The Theatres Act has just been passed with an overwhelming majority. Both in the Legislature and outside some apprehension has been expressed about giving a government appointee the power to censor non-theatrical motion pictures. Actually Mr. Silverthorn has had this power for several years in his capacity of Chief Censor. The old Act, passed first in 1911, was much less explicit than the new, but its powers were no less sweeping. Where the new Act specifies both "standard" and "16mm film," the old Act simply stated "shall have power to permit or prohibit the exhibition of any film or slide." The Chief Censor has always claimed the right to censor 16mm films in the province, regardless of origin, and while he has rarely exercised it, the authority has been used on rare occasions in the past. The new Act does not increase this power very much but it tidies up some of the arrangements by which the power could be exercised. If this power were used rigorously it could jeopardize the activities of half the adult organizations in the province.

When one looks for glaring abuses of the authority there are not many to report. If adults really need a government official to tell them what films they are or are not to see, one could scarcely ask for someone to carry out this duty in a more intelligent manner than Mr. Silverthorn. He is both able and responsible: an admirable civil servant. But he is also human and mortal. As a human being he is subject to many pressures, some political and some from the tenacious Mrs. Grundys in our midst. As a mortal being he will some day have a successor who may choose to use this extraordinary power in a very different manner. Or he may serve under a different premier than Mr. Frost. As long as this Act is in force we will continue to live under a potential threat to intellectual freedom—a kind that is arbitrary and difficult to meet.

Nor can citizens in other provinces feel safer or look with too much scorn upon Ontario. Few of them are better off in this respect. While Great Britain manages to get along with one Censor Board, and the United States has six, we do things bigger and better in Canada. We have eight! The

morals of Canadians are protected in eight different ways, under eight different laws, at a cost of about half a million dollars a year. This protection does not seem to have rid us of much that is banal and vulgar, or some that is downright brutal and vicious, but we have been spared hearing some horrifying words like "damn" on the screen, unlike the unfortunate people in some less-favored lands. In most of the Canadian provinces, like Ontario, the government has taken to itself not only the right to control films in theatres but also educational films, sometimes even filmstrips. Abuses have not been many but at any time these governments can step in and control what goes on in a classroom, a university or a women's club, if documentary films are shown. Premier Duplessis has simply extended this a trifle, giving his officials the right to censor pictures in magazines. It is interesting to recall that this attack on the freedom of the press was accepted in silence by all but three of the daily newspapers in Canada.

Recently *Maclean's Magazine* ventured the prediction that film censorship (the somewhat shaky legal basis for which has never been tested in the Supreme Court) may be overthrown by television. There is no harm in hoping. But tyranny over the mind, whether it is well-intentioned and intelligent, or whether it is cynical or vicious, is scarcely ever overcome except by awakened and persistent citizens. What was that about "everlasting vigilance"?

Television and Freedom

The privately-owned radio stations of Canada are well organized in the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, and in a series of regional associations. They have the advantage of abundant access to the public, not only through the medium of their own radio stations, but also through the many newspapers and magazines to which they are linked through common ownership.

With a high-pressure campaign, the private broadcasters have succeeded in convincing a goodly portion of the Canadian public, and the Liberal party, that they were suffering a serious injustice because of the government's decision to establish a national television service before granting licenses for private TV stations. The campaign consisted chiefly of vilification of the CBC as a monopoly that was threatening freedom of information in Canada.

Evidence of the success of the campaign is the fact that seven licenses have now been granted for private television stations in Hamilton, London, Windsor, Sudbury, Quebec City, Saint John, N.B., and Sydney, N.S. Some of these television stations will probably be in operation before the end of 1953.

It is highly questionable if the cause of freedom of information in Canada has been advanced. The action has served to strengthen local information monopolies, and has removed the risk that the new medium might fall into the hands of a competitor to the established newspapers and radio stations. For example, in London the licensee operates the radio station and the sole daily newspaper; in Hamilton the three radio stations (one of which is owned by the only daily newspaper) have joined forces to operate the television station. All seven TV licenses have been granted to the owners of private radio stations: in Quebec City the radio station will have as its partner the Famous Players Canadian Corporation.

There is a brighter side to the picture. Now, instead of concentrating on criticizing the CBC's effort to establish a national television service, the private operators can devote some of their energies to proving that they are capable of presenting television entertainment for Canadians that is superior to that of the CBC, and a match for the expensive

shows which American advertisers are providing for the twenty million television homes in the United States.

In fact, their bluff has been called. Each of the private television stations will cost not less than \$750,000 to establish. The annual programming cost has been estimated by one licensee at \$250,000. If the licensees examine the American experience they will discover from the records of the Federal Communications Commission that the average annual cost of operating a commercial television station in the United States last year was \$1,238,000. Costs ranged from \$429,000 for a small station to \$3,306,000 for a key outlet in a major city.

Television is an expensive business. If some of the licensees find it a bit too rich for their blood after operating in the red for a year or two, it would be well for them to surrender their licenses, rather than survive by grinding out fourth-rate American films, in an effort to prevent anyone else from climbing into their well-protected manger.

How are Canadians going to discover that the radio station and newspaper owners who so violently castigate the publicly-owned broadcasting system as a monopoly, are themselves operating highly profitable local monopolies? It is not freedom of information that they are interested in, but freedom to accumulate more advertising revenue. It is a matter of profound regret that there exist no mass media of communication in which the methods and motives of Canada's communication cartels can be freely discussed.

C. E. M. Joad

The death of C. E. M. Joad at sixty-one closes a career probably unique in the annals of contemporary letters. Was Joad a philosopher? Had he a philosophy? The ambiguities in the word are evident in the questions. Joad's colleagues were apt to derogate his academic achievements. In comparison with his contemporary, Hans Reichenbach, who died a few days later after a lifetime of original work in logic, Joad's academic reputation suffers. His public, however, the readers of his prolific works, the B.B.C. Brains Trust listeners, the amateur philosophers, must be grateful enough, if not to give a clear "yes" to the second question, to claim for him a rare skill in the communication of ideas.

In any case, Joad will be remembered. His published works, apart from periodical articles and broadcasts, number more than fifty volumes. His tastes were varied, his writing lively, his titles provocative: *The Pleasure of Being Oneself*, *Guide to Modern Wickedness*, *The Horrors of the Countryside*, to choose a few. But he will be remembered longest by those who, wistful for some understanding of academic philosophy, first saw some light through the clear lenses of *Guide to Philosophy* and *Guide to the Philosophy of Morals and Politics*. If Joad contributed nothing new to the arguments, that is nothing new. What is perhaps new was his skill in making the old issues seem reasonable and interesting, and his clever way of relating them to contemporary science and society. He wrote well, and with lucidity, not common characteristics of writers in his field.

For Joad, his fifties were stormy. He was a popular member of the Brains Trust, but when he was convicted of an attempt to defraud the railway of his fare he was removed. His friends deny that the incident was anything but fortuitous, what might happen to any one, criminal only in

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the exposure. Probably only those who consistently declare their purchases at national borders can afford to throw the stones. Joad was personally never a popular figure among the intelligentsia, and it may be that his enemies made unjust use of the incident. The *Toronto Globe and Mail* made the kindest summing up. "He was fined 40s (\$5.60) but never did explain what he was trying to prove."

His conversion to the Church of England after a stormy agnosticism would have been his own affair, but for his penchant for publicity, and for the hope it gave his faithful public that he had resolved an anxious conflict between philosophy and religion. Joad no doubt resolved his own conflict, aggravated as he said, by the development of fascism. Most of his colleagues would be willing to admit the efficacy of such a personal resolution, while asserting the separate functions of philosophy and religion. Joad's attitude to such a positivist position was elucidated in *A Critique of Logical Positivism*. But like all his later academic works the book was unfavorably reviewed. And indeed, it did seem as though Joad had failed to keep up to date in his own field and by that time was grinding an axe of his own. Perhaps in estimating his contribution to philosophy and public enlightenment it is not unfair to take into account these rather irrelevant personal developments. Certainly Joad did not live in an ivory tower. He was a personality, alive, entertaining, and, for thousands, a cheerful guide to philosophy.

Contemporary Verse

With its current issue the Vancouver poetry quarterly *Contemporary Verse* has ceased publication. The reason for this decision, the editors write, is "a strong belief that the work of a little magazine under the same editors' direction declines in time from its peak of usefulness." And so, only a year after the magazine celebrated its tenth anniversary, its editors, Alan Crawley of Vancouver and Floris McLaren of Victoria, have put together their final number.

Contemporary Verse was first published in 1941, and since that time thirty-nine issues of the magazine have appeared. It has always been, physically and in other respects, a modest and unpretentious undertaking. But the magazine profited from a liberal editorial policy, it managed to avoid the dogmatism and the easy acceptance of literary fashion which so often bedevil little magazines, and it printed work by almost all the good poets writing in this country. *Contemporary Verse* was a good magazine, worthy of our gratitude and our respect, and we note its passing with a real sense of loss.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

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The event of the month has been the publication of the correspondence between Ottawa and Washington on the projected St. Lawrence development, and now we can expect the Great Waterway Question to dominate the sphere of public affairs for months and perhaps years to come. Mr. Kellogg's notes show that the present Administration at Washington is keen on putting the scheme through without delay, and is not disposed to haggle over details in the relative apportionment of the cost. Canadians who favor the project (and who believe that co-operation with the United States in its development need neither impair our national rights nor the harmony of our international relations) have found little to criticize in the preliminary notes from Washington; but they have already shown a good deal of dissatisfaction with some of the proposals pressed on Washington by their own Federal Government. . .

Canadian Calendar

► ARNOLD WEBSTER, a 54-year-old Vancouver high-school principal, was elected CCF leader in British Columbia to succeed Harold Winch, who recently resigned from that post. At the same time, Arthur Laing, federal member for Vancouver South, was elected as leader of the B.C. provincial Liberal party to succeed Byron Johnson, former premier of the province. Mr. Laing will resign his Vancouver South seat and will probably contest Vancouver-Point Grey provincial riding.

On April 15, when Bill 80 of the Ontario Legislature, "An Act to Provide for the Federation of the Municipalities in the Toronto Metropolitan Area for certain Financial and Other Purposes" went into effect, Greater Toronto (consisting of Toronto and twelve suburban municipalities and containing approximately 1,200,000 inhabitants) became the sixth largest civic agglomeration under one government in English-speaking North America, being exceeded only by New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and Los Angeles. F. G. Gardiner, formerly reeve of Forest Hill, became the first chairman of the Metropolitan Council of Greater Toronto.

At Shore Acres, B.C., on Easter Sunday, the Doukhobors staged a nude dance before a giant bonfire "to express their innocence and purity." They chanted the Russian hymns of the radical Sons of Freedom during the demonstration. Clothing and money were tossed into the fire.

The Canadian government recently purchased for the National Gallery at Ottawa two paintings by Filippino Lippo and one by Rembrandt at a cost of \$280,000.

* * * *

Canada's four western provinces plan a budgetary outlay of \$538,000,000 in the next twelve months. This exceeds estimated revenues by \$107,000,000. The breakdown of this outlay by province follows: B.C., expenditure, \$174,882,838 (estimated revenue \$167,389,013); Alberta, \$174,083,130 (\$138,363,160); Saskatchewan, \$110,725,920 (\$70,515,810); Manitoba, \$78,400,000 (\$55,000,000).

* * * *

Renovating and fireproofing the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, damaged by fire last summer, will cost an estimated \$1,000,000, according to Mr. Fournier, Minister of Public Works.

* * * *

National Newspaper Awards for 1952 have gone to the following: editorial writing, Bruce Hutchison (author of *The Incredible Canadian*) of *The Victoria Times*; spot news reporting, Don Delaplante of *The Globe and Mail*; feature-writing, Wilfrid List of *The Globe and Mail*; staff corresponding, William Stevenson of the *Toronto Daily Star*; spot news photography, R. K. Cooper, *The Telegram*; feature news photography, H. Befus, *The Calgary Herald*; cartooning, R. La Palme, *Le Devoir*, Montreal; citations, T. E. Nichols, *Hamilton Spectator* for staff corresponding; R. W. Chambers, *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* for cartooning. The



"PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HAT, MADAM"

awards are open to employees of Canadian daily newspapers. Each winner receives \$400 and a certificate of award. Citation-winners received an engraved memento and a certificate. The Toronto Men's Press Club sponsors the competition.

* * * *

Premier W. A. C. Bennett, of British Columbia, announced on March 31 that an election (by the alternative voting system) will be held in that province on June 9. His Social Credit government took office last August, holding 19 of the 48 seats; the CCF, the official opposition, held 18. In the last week of March, Bennett's government was defeated in the House. The lieutenant-governor refused the request of the CCF that they be allowed to form a government and granted Bennett a dissolution. All the other parties (Progressive-Conservative, Liberals, CCF) have candidates in the field.

* * * *

W. A. MacDonald, publisher of the *Edmonton Journal*, was elected president of the Canadian Daily Newspapers Association at its thirty-fourth annual meeting, John E. Motz, publisher of the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*, was elected vice-president and Emile Castonguay, manager of *L'Action Catholique*, of Quebec, was elected second vice-president. W. J. J. Butler of *The Globe and Mail* was re-elected treasurer. L. H. Macdonald is general manager.

* * * *

The University of Western Ontario at its spring convocation, May 30, will confer honorary degrees on the following: the Hon. E. C. Drury, former premier of Ontario; Herve Major, news editor of *La Presse* (Montreal); Dr. Charles E. Macklin, professor of histology at Western.

* * * *

The Alberta Conservation Board opens hearings May 11 on an application to export that province's natural gas. Provided the Board rules there is sufficient gas for export, it may be brought to Eastern Canada by an all-Canadian route or via Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.

* * * *

Justice Minister Garson indicated that the government is prepared to set up a Royal Commission or parliamentary committee to study possible abolition of capital punishment in Canada.

LOYALTY TESTS

(Continued from front page)

States citizens are on the staff of the United Nations, some 350 of them in senior positions. But recently, the association of the United Nations with the United States has taken a somewhat ominous turn. The reason is in part the genuine



fear by many Americans of the ubiquitous and subversive activities of communists. To a far greater extent, however, it is the insatiable hunger for publicity of some senators and congressmen, eager to prove their worth and get into the news by showing up American communists—real or alleged—in responsible positions and exposing the misdeeds of the Truman administration. The matter came to a head when, in October, 1952, the chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee strongly protested against the refusal of the Secretary-General to waive the immunities of his officials in enquiries held by national American Committees. Put under strong pressure, the Secretary-General appointed a Committee of three jurists (one American, one British and one Belgian) to advise him on five problems, all centering around the relation of the international status of the United Nations to national loyalties.

None of these jurists had any particular reputation in the field of international law. They did however, act with remarkable and, indeed, disquieting speed in hearing evidence, conducting enquiries and producing their Report two weeks after their appointment. The result is a very mediocre effort. Despite some lip service paid to the international status of the United Nations, the report concedes, with few qualifications, the American claim. It is based on the facile and erroneous assumption that there can never be a conflict between international duties and national loyalties. Even in the rosier days of the San Francisco Conference, the possibility of such conflicts was openly recognized. If such conflicts could not arise, the elaborate provisions of the Charter would be superfluous.

The main conclusions of the report are that:

1. Any conviction of an officer of a crime involving disloyalty to the state by the courts of his own country or the courts of any country having jurisdiction over him by reason of his residence, should be regarded by the Secretary-General as an absolute bar to his employment in the state in question.
2. That the mere refusal to answer a question put during an investigation of a United States citizen by a United States agency equipped with judicial or quasi-judicial functions is a ground for dismissal from employment in the United Nations Organization.

The first view could be accepted, with some reservations: some national standards of criminal law or procedures fall short of "principles of law generally recognized among civilized nations." At present, many Congress Committees in the United States are equipped with judicial powers without feeling in any way bound to observe normal standards of criminal procedure. Prosecutors and judges are often the same, suspicions and smear tactics are only too often a substitute for impartial investigation. Thus, in a presentment made in December 1952, a grand jury, without mentioning any names or making indictments, asserted that there was "infiltration into the United Nations of an overwhelmingly large group of disloyal United States citizens." The fantastic irresponsibility of this allegation is shown in the Secretary-General's Report: "with a single exception no staff member has ever been indicted or charged in any court with espionage or any other subversive activity."

The recommendation that the exercise of a constitutional privilege in the United States should lead to automatic dismissal from United Nations employment is even more alarming. In an able speech in the House of Commons, on February 13th, 1953, Mr. Alistair Stewart, M.P., who has personal experience of the United Nations, made the following comment:

"... I believe that there are members of the secretariat who have pleaded the fifth amendment before these committees for the good reason that they felt that as they were under oath they might be guilty of perjury if they made an error ...

"There is another aspect to this matter. Some employees found that no matter how guiltless they have been, they were being asked questions, not concerning themselves but concerning their friends, their acquaintances and their colleagues. They had to answer those questions and before they knew what was happening they had woven a web of circumstantial evidence around their own friends. The situation became intolerable. One of the results of such wretched investigations was the death of a distinguished servant of the United Nations, Mr. Abraham Feller. As far as we are concerned, this report cannot and must not be accepted without the most drastic amendment."

Mr. Trygve Lie, however, has acted on the recommendations and appointed an Advisory Panel, whose Chairman is Mr. Leonard Brockington, Q.C. The United States Government issued an order subjecting all United States citizens who are United Nations employees, to an F.B.I. investigation, asking the United Nations not to appoint any further United States citizens without F.B.I. clearance. A group of Canadian lawyers, which includes the writer of this article, has published strong criticisms of the whole procedure, both in the *New York Times* and the *Canadian Bar Review*. Recently, Mr. Paul Martin, as leader of the Canadian delegation to the United Nations, has also criticized the jurists' report and its implementation. Perhaps the impending change of Secretary-General, and a possible lessening of the international tension, may lead to a re-consideration of a line of action which has caused dismay among United Nations employees as well as all those who believe in the need of genuinely international institutions and a firm stand against national hysteria.

Spring in Paris

Laure Riès

► YESTERDAY THE WIND was blowing. It was cold and gray. Today, when I woke up, spring had come—the astounding Parisian spring, like none other I am sure. The sky was a soft pale blue with a high haze, almost transparent and so typical of the Ile de France. It gives a softness, a nuance to everything never equalled elsewhere. In one night nature had accomplished a miracle several weeks before the date set for the arrival of spring. The trees suddenly had buds, then soft leaves, making a contrast with the gray buildings around the squares.

You do not need to go to the flower market to see a maze of flowers, nor to the street vendor's stalls. Flowers are out everywhere. The Tuileries gardens have a new carpet of dark red and deep yellow "girofées." The fountains are playing and the little children are sailing their boats. The birds send thrilling notes into the blue air and peck at the grass. The painters are sitting in the warm sun and add dashes of color to Notre Dame. The eternal fishermen of the Seine look more hopeful and crowds surge into the street to greet the new season. Further on, in the Champs Elysées, the forsythia is in full bloom and tremendous clumps of rhododendrons have blossomed out in the most beautiful shades of mauve and deep rose.

Spring is here, soft, luxurious. It invites one outside the city. So I went to Saint Cloud, to an old "prieuré" hidden behind a high stone wall where Monsieur Martin, the former French consul in Toronto, and Madame Martin are living. Their garden was a mass of bloom—apricot, peach, prune, cherry and almond gracefully mingled their deep pinks and pale whites among the green foliage. We picked primroses of all shades, daisies and deep, deep purple violets so perfumed

that you wonder if nature could really have done it all. Surrounded by this beauty we had coffee outside on the *terrasse*. Neither coats nor jackets were needed. One could sit outdoors all afternoon until the sun set, like a red ball, beyond the fairy-like Eiffel Tower.

On a warm Sunday afternoon, with thousands of Parisians, I went to Malmaison, the home of Napoleon and Josephine. The castle, very sober and harmonious set among yew trees, seemed new, rejuvenated. In fact all the rooms had been painted and the furniture restored. Napoleon's favorite residence had taken on a new lease of life. The red leather binding of his huge maps of the world again had a conquering look. His newly polished mahogany desk seemed to await him. Josephine's dresses shone silky and silvery in their glass cases, as though ready for a court ball. The Concordat seals and those of the treaty of Amiens became alive and Napoleon himself, pictured in his favorite uniform, seemed more daring than ever.

Paris and its environs are celebrating spring. One simply cannot stay indoors. I went to Moret, a lovely village on the Loing. Its abbey, castle and two great stone doors shone proudly against the sky. From the dining room of the old cottage where I stayed one could see the boats passing constantly on the river. Some are worked by steam; others are pulled by horses or men. Their quaint names, such as "belle Jeannette," had been well polished and made one live once more the story of *Sans Famille*, known to every French child, as *Alice in Wonderland* is to every Anglo-Saxon.

The "grand couturiers" have showings of the new spring fashions. I went to see the famous "défilé des mannequins" at Germaine Leconte's luxurious salons. Each creation bears a name that enlivens Paris. This deep blue dress with a fetching white bow is "Place Pigalle." These sweet lines that mold the body are "confidence." That divine ensemble of dress and cape is called "Rond Pointe." While the day dresses are sober and reasonable the evening dresses are, on the contrary, tremendous crinolines, a cascade of taffetas, tulle, flowery chiffon, and seem like a preview of the Coronation. They exemplify the art, cleverness and imagination of the couturiers who have also been overtaken by the beauty of spring. The Parisienne also has a new spring coiffure. Her hair, black as a winter's night, now has shades of a setting sun.

The *terrasses* of the cafés are full of people. One can always distinguish the foreigners from the natives. Americans take funny mixtures—ice cream and colorful sodas. French people slowly sip a "café filtre" or a "citron pressé." They comment on the passerby, read a paper or plan their next holiday. First it was the snowy peaks of Savoy; then the Riviera; now Brittany and the seashore.

The nights are soft. Lovers stroll under the trees of the boulevards and kiss on the benches because the moon has just come brand new into its first crescent. I wish all of you could feel the intense quality that spring takes in Paris.

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The Influence of Contemporary Biology

John Oughton

► THE BIOLOGIST, like any other scientific worker, continues at his work in the hope of unravelling a puzzle. It is his faith that there is a puzzle behind the surface of events and that all is not random and chaotic. Sometimes in the course of his investigations he turns up a useful by-product, for example, a growth hormone that may be used as an herbicide. At other times, his limited, abstracted search ends up in ideas that have repercussions far beyond his field. In the end, these ideas are the important things that persist and help to shape not only science but also life outside the laboratory.

When I look around me, I can see a few signs of the influence of the biologist upon our everyday life. At the bottom-most level, the advertising monger has rediscovered chlorophyll—"Make your breath kissing sweet." Counterclaim: "The goat that reeks from yonder hill spends its day eating chlorophyll." Next, the biologist can claim some practical importance in controlling pestiferous plants and animals. The eradication of prickly pear from thousands of square miles of Australian range-land would serve as an example of applied biological knowledge.

There have been strong new developments in biology during our half century. Genetics is a case in point. Through the studies of T. H. Morgan (1866-1945) and based largely on the fruit-fly *Drosophila*, we now know that the potentialities of many inheritable traits are passed along to the offspring through the genes. These are little nodules (perhaps single complex molecules of nucleoproteins) arranged like beads along the rod- or ribbon-like chromosome. In each cell there is a certain number of these chromosomes. It is fortunate that the fruit-fly has such large chromosomes in its salivary glands that detailed mapping of the genes has been possible through experimentation. Much of the machinery of the transmission of inheritable traits is now clear. It can be seen that the varying offspring from one set of parents each receives a different assortment of the shuffled genes. But, asks the philosopher, where did the genes come from in the beginning and how did they change? There is a little illuminating evidence here of a tentative sort but the matter is still largely a mystery. The impact of genetics on our everyday life is really slight. Of course it has stimulated some lively works on eugenics and has helped to fortify some racial myths. In the Lysenko controversy it has enabled western scientists to understand in their own terms what state control would mean to them. Finally, it has opened up to the digest magazines a picture of the intricate finely-adjusted machinery that is to be found within the cells of all of us. One reader addressed a letter to my college asking for a half-pound of chromosomes! In fact, the biologist has no charming toy to offer that can rival the electronic computing gadget of the physicist, nor anything so frightening as the atomic bomb. His social contributions are humble but pervasive: they are the natural outgrowths from Darwin's idea of evolution.

Almost a century ago, in 1859, Charles Darwin's work on organic evolution was the revolution of the time. True, it was not a novel idea. It had been rattling around in the heads of mankind since the time of the Greeks. It had seen a partial birth in the field of astronomy. Darwin seized upon it, gave it a firm foundation based on evidence from several directions—palaeontology, comparative anatomy, em-

bryology and biogeography—and made it explicit. He added a theory to explain his law or doctrine and was influenced directly by the essay of Malthus on human population or rather over-population and indirectly by the prevailing economic view of laissez-faire. The idea of progress received fresh support but so did the notion of competition or struggle. It looked as if biology had added one more triumph to the century of mechanistic science. "Clear-sighted men, of the sort who are so clearly wrong, now proclaimed that the secrets of the physical universe were finally disclosed." (Whitehead.)

The student of living things in the free-wheeling days of mechanistic physics was a furtive man. Since he had to assume that all living processes would be interpreted eventually in terms of physics and chemistry, he adopted the role that biology was a derived, second-rate, inexact science. The pendulum has swung the other way. The great mathematician and philosopher, A. N. Whitehead, goes further than most biologists would dare to, in maintaining the concept of organism as a fundamental one to science. The biologist, aroused by Darwin, sees now that the organism is more than a collection of separately functioning parts. (Of course, we continue to study an organism on that working premise.) It is, in fact, a co-ordinated, integrated, self-regulating, co-operating complex, possessing duration. It is the "whole" of J. Smuts' holism. The modern study of ecology—the consideration of the organism and its environment, has helped to shape this idea of wholeness, too. It is now apparent that the relationship existing between those two things—organism and environment—is an intimate and inseparable one. Each reacts upon the other. Hence Toynbee's challenge and response has roots in the nineteenth century idea of evolution and in the twentieth century modification of it.

After having lived for a long time in daily contact with the idea of evolution, the biologist can no longer take such a simple or mechanistic view of evolution as he did in the nineteenth century. He sees that life has gone through a series of levels, that there is a series of increasing complexities, of better co-ordination and communication and that there finally emerges the free-will or consciousness of man, with greater opportunity for freedom of action and for control over his own destiny.

There is still an unbridged gap between the inorganic and the living but the distance is now narrower in the light of information derived from the electron microscope. Now that it is possible to photograph viruses and the larger molecules, study of this field is more fertile. Did the jump from inorganic to organic take place only in the remote past and under very special circumstances or may it still be going on?

The biologist confronted with such mysteries is closer to the poet in point of view than most of us admit. He can see the outer halo of a miracle; he senses the working of some purpose and the manifestation of some design. Darwin and Wordsworth appeared to live uneasily at the opposite poles of nature. Their spiritual descendants of today are still uneasy but for quite a different reason. They both are peering into the mists that enshroud the view. Is it a bottomless pit or is it a glorious mountain range?

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H. H. Stuart

J. K. Chapman

► NEW BRUNSWICK has always been a conservative province. It has produced few radicals and fewer still who have left any enduring impression upon the community. Of the latter, Henry Harvey Stuart, who died last autumn at the age of seventy-nine, was the most outstanding.

Stuart was the son of a school-master. The fact that he had read the Bible, the works of Bunyan, and a considerable amount of history and natural history before he was eight attests to the excellence of his early education. Due to the necessity of supporting his widowed step-mother and a number of half brothers and sisters, Stuart did not have the opportunity of a formal high school education. He did, however, study by himself and succeeded in entering Normal School in furtherance of a long held ambition to follow his father's profession. Here he was editor of the school paper and in it a number of articles in favor of wider education, temperance, and honesty in politics, gave evidence of his desire for social improvement.

It is true that, in the late years of the nineteenth century, reform was in the North American air, but H. H. Stuart was the first to give expression to it in New Brunswick. Although his general philosophy was drawn chiefly from the Christian Gospels he was indebted for many of his specific ideas to the American radicals: Howells, Bellamy, Lloyd, Henry George and William Jennings Bryan. It was not as a philosopher, however, but as an organizer, that Stuart placed his stamp upon New Brunswick life.

Since he was a teacher, it was perhaps natural that he should direct his talents towards the organization of New Brunswick teachers. The result was the formation, in 1902, of the New Brunswick Teachers' Union, the first teachers' union in Canada. The Union won badly-needed salary increases for the teachers, but when, in 1909, Stuart temporarily left the profession to assume the editorship of the *Newcastle Union Advocate*, the organization collapsed. It was not until 1919 that the union was revived, largely through Stuart's efforts, as the New Brunswick Teachers' Association—today a strong and militant body.

It was also in 1902 that Stuart, having become New Brunswick's first socialist several years earlier, laid the foundation of the Socialist Party of New Brunswick by forming a small group in Fredericton. The New Brunswick party was one of the four provincial parties which went to form the Socialist Party of Canada at Vancouver on the last day of December, 1904. Stuart as provincial organizer formed several additional branches of the party in New Brunswick, and lectured in its behalf elsewhere in the Maritime Provinces. In New Brunswick the party never ran candidates and brought about no reforms, but from the time of its inception there has existed a progressive minority which has formed the nuclei of the later socialistic and socialist parties which Stuart founded after he and his colleagues rejected the Socialist Party of Canada when it adopted an anti-religious bias.

Stuart lived in Newcastle during the ten years after 1909. They were for him intensely busy years. He was editor or assistant editor of the local newspaper, and alderman several times. He carried on his profession except for a brief period, organized several trade unions, worked to unify the temperance movements, was a leading figure in the Tax Reform League of Eastern Canada, and was in constant demand as a lecturer throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

From 1918-1921 he turned his attention once more to political organization and created a farmers' party in North-

umberland County and Independent Labor Parties in Northumberland and several other counties. It was on this basis that the Farmer-Labor coalition won a quarter of the seats in the New Brunswick Legislature in 1920. This marks the only occasion in the history of the province when any other than Liberal, Conservative or Independent candidates have been elected. Stuart was not himself a candidate because his school board threatened to fire him, and he had a growing family to support. While the coalition failed to last the life of the legislature, a number of local Labor parties continued a precarious existence and later helped form the CCF in New Brunswick. Stuart also played a leading role in this the last of New Brunswick's radical parties. He was the first honorary president of the CCF (N.B. section) and retained that office until his death.

Throughout the greater part of his life, Stuart was a Methodist lay preacher, Sunday School Teacher, correspondent for the daily papers of the province, and a frequent contributor to socialist papers throughout Canada and the United States. But in spite of his many activities, his profession was not pushed into the background. He was a good teacher and excelled in history. To him it was the most important subject, and while it must be confessed that his history lectures generally lasted for at least two hours, it should be added that the motley group of teen-agers sat enthralled throughout the period. Stuart retired from teaching in 1937 and spent his remaining years as police magistrate in the village of Fredericton Junction.

Stuart's life and activities were the products of an unselfish nature. Had he been more self-centered, he might well have become a famous educator, politician, or journalist for he had the intellectual capacity, the energy and the drive. But he believed in the Biblical injunction to "love one's neighbor" and he therefore chose to work among and with his fellow provincials. He tried to educate them and enlighten them, and to help them to help themselves against what he felt to be the exploitation and dishonesty of the capitalistic system. While his fellows often disappointed him he never despaired. He never confused the possible with the probable and so avoided disillusionment. He always retained a good sense of humor and thus avoided the fanaticism to which reformers are too often prone.

Perhaps the time has passed when it was possible to undertake so much outside one's occupation but Stuart's life nevertheless remains a challenge to those who feel they have not the time or the energy to devote to causes they believe to be good. It is a challenge especially to the timid for it should be remembered that the ideals for which he fought were contrary to public opinion. It says much for Stuart's personality and integrity that in spite of the general unpopularity of his beliefs, he was respected in all sections of the community.



Master of Art or Servant?

Maurice Lowe

► IF THERE IS ONE question more than another that a composer of music is likely to be asked by his friends, it is, "How do you compose your music?" The composer, caught in an obliging mood, probably responds with a few details of his working habits, but the further the question is pressed beyond these mere externals the more difficult it will be for him to give intelligible answers. It is, for instance, beyond the power of any composer worthy of the name to make clear in a few well-chosen words precisely by what instinct he rejected one beautiful page of score in favor of something else which might appear on the surface to be worse music.

If there is any comprehensible philosophy of method behind the creation of pure music at its best, it begins with the proposition that "All melodies worthy of the name have a destiny which is forecast in the first phrase and consummated in the last."* And what is true of a melody is true of an entire musical work. It has a destiny which is implied in its first few pages, and if, for any one of a variety of reasons, the composer intrudes himself upon that destiny or fails to appreciate it, his doom is sealed.

The composer's sense of destiny is commonly clear enough when he has just begun a work. He is illuminated by the freshness of his material; it "takes hold of him," and all his faculties are dominated by an inevitability and a sense of direction seemingly inherent in the ideas themselves. He is conscious of something that has all the characteristics of falling in love with a beautiful woman; the same complete, unreasoning focus of thought and feeling, the same sudden vision of a direct road to paradise.

But the transports which the composer experiences when he begins a composition have the same enemy which sooner or later besets him in his transports over the beautiful woman. They are two goodly apples with the same sort of worm in them,—familiarity. And familiarity ends either in contempt (the musical idea, like the lady, may easily turn out to be a mere crab-apple), or, through the medium of sober intellect which now must qualify the first attraction, it ends in a closer, deeper and more living union. The periods of reaction into the qualifying intellect are familiar to most composers as periods of effort, uncertainty and frustration, making constant demands (consciously or otherwise) upon the full frame of reference of the worker in sound. The problem passes out of the sphere of "inspiration" and becomes one of adjustment, or readjustment, of the intellective and intuitional powers to the nature of the work to be done, much as a fine and complex instrument must be adjusted to some special operation. And as in any effort at adjustment (marital, social or what not), ultimate success hinges upon the amount of conscience, enthusiasm, devotion, self-effacement and freedom from dogmatic preconception—in a word, objectivity—brought to bear on it.

To enter into the destiny of a musical theme the composer must be content to "toil terribly." Chopin's composing described by George Sand as "a minute and desperate perseverance" in which he "spent six weeks over a single page," and the rugged struggles that lay behind a Beethoven symphony were only too well known to the composer's friends and landladies. Yet in every great work by a master hand the consummation appears simple and even obvious. And so it is. But it is simplicity of a positive

kind, and where simplicity is a positive thing it can truly be said that "nothing is more difficult than to be simple." Too much of our Western musical heritage has its origin in the other sort of simplicity, the negative sort; which is why Cecil Gray could say with good reason that the person who "tries to wade solidly through the complete works of Beethoven, Schubert and Mozart . . . will be surprised to discover how much of their music is completely valueless." The more music severs itself from elementary metrical figurations, patchwork axioms of form and crude "all too human" dramatic content, the more it enters into a world where simplicity is objective and difficult. When it is recognized—and felt—that the greater rhythms of life and art do not obligingly fit themselves into molds of elementary good form, the discovery of the supreme forms into which they do fit becomes the greatest of individual challenges.

At such a point it becomes evident that the formal destiny of a musical idea cannot be discovered by any sort of symphonic town-planning. It can only arise out of largeness of vision and full creative urgency. It is a mystical perpendicular, striking across and momentarily absorbing the horizontal of Time; and as the composer is only human he can seldom be quite sure that he stands at the exact point of intersection. Personality factors can be amply strong enough to convince him that he is "on centre" when in fact he is not. And so it is that when the composer is left with any fractional doubt as to the absolute fitness—the inevitable growth from germinal ideas—of the page he has written, he has no choice but to try again. What is wholly alive and organic is wholly positive and unmistakable, and it is not merely fanciful to say that the ideal positive in composition is that of a work seemingly unfolding *itself*, from roots in its own premises, and employing the composer merely as a qualified vehicle. Various conditions immediate or constitutional may make the process relatively free-acting on the one hand or tortuous and taxing on the other, but whatever the nature of the act there must be a feeling that the music is somehow composing itself in accordance with its own life principles.

When all the developments in a work have this brand of conviction—this curious and special air of independent life—the composer may rest assured that they contain the active principles of the form as a whole, and will themselves build up that form provided they are not intruded upon by any element of personal will—such, for instance, as the composer's self-tinged emotions and reactions, his professional ambitions, propagandist motives, attempts to contact a public or a market, desire to be thought "original," adherence to a current "technique," or any other consciously extra-musical end. Any one of these factors may lurk unseen behind the facade of innocence and integrity, disqualifying the composer almost without his own knowledge. But the composer of a type all too common nowadays, who consciously rejects a musical idea by which he is honestly moved because it does not dovetail with some preconceived idea of his function as a musician, is an open traitor to both himself and his art.

All the Absolutes presenting themselves in the growth of a living work contain, predictably or unpredictably, a true focus towards integration of form, and if the "certainty of the part" is with him the composer need have no fear for the articulation of the whole. The labor of composition is in large part an awareness of pence that leaves pounds to take care of themselves. In other words, insofar as the past or future become intellectual components of the creative act, the composer breaks faith with his art. Composition is at root a dialectical art, and the products of dialectical thought may

*A. T. Davison: *The Technique of Choral Composition*.

be examined for reason and motive *after* they have become created facts, not while they are in process of becoming.

The best music springs from the Living Instant, and that Instant may chance to represent anything from (in rare cases of creative intuition) an entire composition, to a mere few bars of score. There are few worthwhile composers who do not find the mystical imperative a testy thing, and the best of them are those who stand prepared to write twenty pages in order to discover that four bars on page two are instant with the life-stream of the work, all the rest being fodder for the fireplace.

In any case, the first need of the composer is a Taoistic quality of mind that puts him in the position of a servant of musical ideas, not a director and manager of them. "I am," says Sibelius, "the slave of my themes, and submit to their demands." The failure of a hopeful work lies in any attempt to dominate and compel the material on personality terms, just as the failure of a hopeful marriage lies in any proposal of one of the parties to impose his private predilections on the other—a principle which applies with equal force to teachers and pupils, parents and children, and many other things.

Creative work in music is not as so many think a business of personal expression. It is, or ought to be, purely musical expression. In other words, the birth of a musical composition is the incarnation of a kind of oversoul which it lies in the power of the human operator either to fulfil by his sympathy and self-effacement or disfigure by his egotism and incompetence. Under pressure music may lend itself to a variety of human propositions: it may be raped on the operatic stage or dragged through the self-pitying mud of the maudlin ballad. But it is at root a pure expression of universal law, colored and dedicated by the individuality—not the personality—of the musician, and it cannot in the last analysis be capitalised upon for the furtherance of ephemeral and time-ridden contrivances. This is not to say that a stiff-necked Olympian attitude is either necessary, humanly possible or wholly becoming. But at those times when he puts forth the best that is in him the composer will find himself regarding a theme as a musical entity with life and purpose of its own, and his art will be seen as at bottom the art of keeping himself out of its way.

A New Design Centre

Ruth Grundy

► CANADIANS NOW have an opportunity to watch at first hand the rapid development of industrial design in their own country. Housed in renovated quarters at the corner of Albert and Elgin Streets in uptown Ottawa, a new Design Centre was opened in February of this year to provide exhibition space for the Industrial Design Division of the National Gallery of Canada, and it is hoped that all Canadian and foreign visitors to the capital, as well as its residents will be able to see the displays of contemporary Canadian design which are being shown there.

The exhibition area of the Design Centre comprises approximately 2,000 square feet, in addition to which office space is provided for the staff of the Industrial Design Division. The project is financed by the Federal Government but it is expected that many future activities will be carried out with the help and co-operation of Canadian manufacturing and consumer groups in an effort to promote more widespread appreciation of Canadian talent in design.

The Design Centre also serves as headquarters for the National Industrial Design Committee which was established by order-in-council in June, 1948, in order to encour-

age the greater use of Canadian talent in the designing of all types of consumer goods. The committee is composed of some thirty manufacturers, retailers, designers, consumer representatives, education and research officials interested in industrial design who meet four or five times each year to review past activities and to plan special projects. At present it receives a grant from Parliament to cover organizational expenses and to help finance certain specific programs. In addition, however, it occasionally asks for and obtains supplementary funds from industry.

Exhibitions to be held at the Design Centre will comprise not only articles designed for everyday use in this country but will also include, from time to time, well designed furniture and household accessories from other countries. It is hoped by this means to stimulate public appreciation of the need for good design and at the same time to raise manufacturing standards in Canada to the highest international levels. Many of these exhibitions will not be restricted to Ottawa but will be circulated by the National Gallery of Canada to other cities all across Canada.

The opening exhibition, on view from February until early April, consisted of household furnishings and equipment entirely designed and made in Canada and grouped according to room arrangements in the Trend House, Thorncrest Village, Toronto, for which they were originally selected by the Industrial Design Division of the National Gallery. Among the items shown were several walnut tables with black steel legs, made in Victoria, B.C., two sets of contemporary bedroom furniture, one in birch made by the Imperial Furniture Mfg. Co. Ltd. and the other manufactured in oak by the Gibbard Furniture Shops Ltd., two table lamps with black steel bases made by Perpetua Furniture Limited of Vancouver, a birch plywood desk and moulded plywood chair with steel legs, both of which won prizes in the second national product design competition sponsored by the National Industrial Design Committee last year, melmac plastic tableware produced by Maple Leaf Plastics Ltd., Toronto, and an aluminum coffee maker made by Aluminum Goods Limited.

A second exhibition, which was opened on April 14 by Prime Minister St. Laurent, displaying the winning items in the committee's newly inaugurated annual competition "Design Merit Awards to Industry." The first contest was held this year and was open to designs from any country provided that they were fully manufactured and not merely assembled in Canada. Forty-six articles were selected for awards from a field of 254 entries covering household furniture, electrical appliances, lamps and lighting fixtures, floor coverings and textiles, hobby and sports equipment, toys and office furniture. What was notable here was that, although this was an open competition in which work done by United States designers for Canadian companies was eligible, Canadian talent swept the field with 37 winning products. The entries were judged on the basis of form, or pleasing appearance, function and mechanical stability, originality, good value and suitability for the Canadian market, and the final judges were R. C. Berkinshaw, president of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada, H. G. Colebrook, president of the Canadian Retail Federation, John Bland, Director, School of Architecture, McGill University, Mrs. W. R. Walton, Jr., National President, Canadian Association of Consumers, and W. A. Trott, Chairman, National Industrial Design Committee. Commenting on the results of the competition, Mr. Trott said that he felt Canadian people with an average income need a guide to the best value in mass-produced articles and that the Canadian manufacturer also needs better information as to the needs of the average income group so that more emphasis can be given to supplying the mass Canadian market with what it wants: that is,



SPRING FLOOD (Linocut)—HAROLD FRANCIS

better designed functional objects for comfort, economy and convenience in living.

One of the more interesting award-winning articles was the "Chinook" sleeping bag, made by Howard's Bedding Limited and designed by Fred van Veen of Ottawa, which has already been used on two Mount Everest expeditions. Other original items of Canadian design to be awarded certificates of merit were an open handle electric iron developed by the Canadian Westinghouse Co. Ltd., in Hamilton, a commercial telephone stand designed and made in Toronto, an adjustable ironing board from St. Jerome, P.Q., and a combination oil space heater and electric range manufactured by the Enterprise Foundry Co. Ltd., of Sackville, New Brunswick.

In addition to providing exhibition and office space, the Design Centre also offers to the public reading room and library facilities which are available seven days a week. One can see there magazines and periodicals from all parts of the world as well as popular and technical books on furniture, interior design, pottery and glass, textiles, leathercraft, color and the general principles of industrial design.

The Canadian Design Index, maintained by the Industrial Design Division of the National Gallery is also available for public reference at the Design Centre as well as for magazine and newspaper publicity on request. This Index is in the form of a photographic archives and was established some years ago to provide a permanent record of the best and most original work being done by Canadian designers. All the items included in it, and they now number approximately 150, are chosen by a selection committee of architects and designers who base their judgments on whether a product both looks and works well, whether it can be economically produced by modern production techniques and easily repaired and, finally, whether it is suited to the needs of the Canadian market and of the average consumer.

In spite of the influence of publicity and advertising from the United States, Canadian consumers seem to have a mind of their own in choosing the goods they buy. For instance, they like solidity and durability in their household appliances. They are less impressed perhaps by chromium plating, flashing lights and ringing bells. They are interested in long life and quality.

Any suggestions for improvements in the design of articles of everyday use should be sent to the Canadian Association of Consumers, 1245 Wellington St., Ottawa, which is co-operating with the National Industrial Design Committee in this work. These suggestions will be carefully considered and given to the Design Centre for further investigation.

The Man in the Wheelbarrow

The man in the wheelbarrow
Has a spade for a soul.
He has at last lost control
Of all forked tines.
The bean and carrot lines
Have seeded in his marrow.
Dead pressed leaves mould
An image of his growth
Into loss. He finds both
Have flowered lately. He,
A weeping willow tree,
Hangs down, too soon too old.

He wanders in the yard.
Wrenching out the roots,
He tramps about in muddy boots.
His trailing face is stained.
He has recently been rained
On, and his trunk is scarred. *Ronald Bates*



RCMP, attracted by the smoke, arrived and forced the Doukhobors to don what clothes were left. (Toronto Telegram)

Some psychiatrists claim that the present definition of insanity as a defense, a definition propounded in England over 100 years ago, falls short of modern scientific knowledge on the subject. (Globe and Mail)

There is far more drinking and immorality in apartments than in guest homes, Ald. William Dennison told the civic property committee last night. (Toronto Telegram)

Quebec, April 18—(CP)—City council asked the administrative committee yesterday to scrap a by-law adopted April 2, permitting dancing in Quebec City night clubs and cafes. The council unanimously agreed on a revision of the by-law. Alderman Henri Beaupre, who proposed it, asked council's forgiveness "for having started so much fuss." (Toronto Star)

"During the discussion the meeting learned of a case where a woman had purchased a certain package, torn off the box top, pushed it into an envelope, addressed it to a quiz show and gone out of the store leaving the product behind." (C.B. & T.)

However, Ald. Philip Givens, named president of the new executive, told the meeting last night he "would have no part of stabbing Mr. Conacher in the back" because the former sports star is the only one who can carry Trinity riding for the Liberals at the next election . . . Nominations and voting for the new executive came close to being a farce. Persons armed with the cards tried to beat each other to the punch nominating the same person. Mr. Ewing showed up again suggesting new nominations which he said would make it look more like a contest. (Globe and Mail)

Skills, Ethics Come to Canada with Refugee Engineers. (Headline, Globe and Mail)

Production Minister Howe laughed today in the Commons after George Drew, Progressive Conservative Leader, credited a Conservative government with the decision to establish Trans-Canada Air Lines.

Mr. Drew: "I would suggest that the minister just go back into the history of air development in the country."

Mr. Howe: "I knew that history long before the honorable gentleman did."

Mr. Drew: "Let him recall the passenger planes which were flying at that time and which were blazing the trail for the great air developments which have taken place in this country."

Mr. Howe: "Nuts." (Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Harry Barnes, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clippings, date and name of publication.

Fuente Vaqueros

Laura Hunter Mackenzie

► THE MOZUELA at the inn told them it was only a few miles to Fuente Vaqueros, but as Wally said "These Spaniards will say anything to be polite!" But the girl was right. They hadn't gone more than ten miles along the dusty white road until they saw the village in the distance. Clear irrigation channels, emerald green with water-cress, ran through the plantations on either side of the road, and the smell of tobacco from the drying barns came faintly and not unpleasantly on the little wind that moved the leaves of the long straight poplars neatly set out in groves.

"We'll stop in the plaza and ask," said Virginia.

"O.K. but don't expect a straight answer," said Wally, "You remember what happened when you asked about where the poor guy was buried. It looked as though nobody'd ever heard of your famous Spanish poet."

"That's not true," said Virginia. "It's just that they're all still terribly sensitive about the War and everything . . ."

The village was the usual Andalusian white-washed collection of low uninteresting buildings, but the plaza was wide and shaded with plane trees.

"That book I read said his house was one of the biggest in the village," said Virginia, as she got out of the car. The usual crowd of unsmiling children collected as if by magic, but the groups lounging under the trees or in doorways across the road paid no attention to them.

"Let's have a beer before we start looking," said Wally, making for a little cafe with tables painted white, though the chairs were clumsily mended with wire and string.

"This is the place where Lorca was born," said Virginia dreamily, while Wally snapped his fingers for the camarero. She was trying not to hear him, trying to persuade herself that he hadn't already spoilt the whole thing for her, even before they saw Lorca's house, and yet he'd known all along how much this meant to her. He'd been nice about it in the beginning: "Your pious pilgrimage, Virgie—I'm honored to be allowed to go along." But that was before the heat on the road from Cordoba had got him down, and the noise and stuffiness of their room in the posada in Granada. He was so illogical. At home he did not expect a first-class hotel for the price of a third-rate one, but the minute he got to Europe he did.

It was pleasant in the mild sunshine. The cafe was full, of people who seemed to be habitués—they sat about as if they were in a club. Wally ordered beer and moriscos, little shrimps served in saucers. He was proud of the few words of his newly acquired Spanish. After his second glass of beer he was relaxed and amiable, and looked around with frank curiosity, while the villagers looked back unsmiling but with no animosity.

Just then a limpiabota came along the sidewalk and dropped his box at their table. A middle-aged man with sad eyes in a thin face, and no front teeth.

"Limpiabota, dos pesetas," he said, with his brush in his hand.

Wally sat back in his chair. "Watch this," he said to Virginia, "This'll be something." He took three coins from his pocket and held them up. "Tres pesetas for dos," he said, pointing to Virginia's shoes and his own in turn.

"No senor," said the bootblack, "quatro pesetas por dos."

"Tres," said Wally firmly.

"Wally for heaven's sake," said Virginia. "Four pesetas is twelve cents."

"Oh, these fellows will do anything for a couple of pesetas," said Wally signalling to the waiter for matches. He seemed oblivious to everything but the lighting of his cigarette.

"Please let's go, Wally," said Virginia, and as he did not answer her she turned to the bootblack who stood dumbly before them and smiled waveringly. "No queremos, gracias," she said gently, and the man picked up his box and moved away. There was dignity in the quietness of his movements, and his complete ignoring of Wally.

"What did you do that for?" cried Wally, throwing down the un-smoked cigarette, while a dozen pairs of eyes stared unblinkingly. A child who had been standing by darted in and picked up the cigarette.

"These fellows make plenty, and we'd have had some fun. Gee, I didn't know you were such a poor sport. Hey, camarero, mas cerveza." He sat sulking, his face puffy, while Virginia listened to the voices of the two street vendors who were crying *Hay agua fresca, Oye las pías*, and wondered if

they had changed in the twenty-five years since Federico García Lorca had heard them. Certainly the village did not look as though change ever visited it and the smell was elemental, farmyards and manure and sweat.

She was lost in a reverie while Wally drank his fifth and sixth beers, waiting until he was ready. Suddenly with a sinking heart she saw the bootblack return. Why had he come back? Had he thought they'd be gone by now? She rose to go, but Wally caught sight of the man, and pulled out his insulting three pesetas, throwing them with a clang on to the table.

"There you are," he cried, "Take it or leave it."

The bootblack stopped suddenly, looked at them intently and then came over and motioned to Virginia to sit down again. He took the three pesetas and laid them on the ground, then he sat down before her and carefully and methodically cleaned her shoes, leaving a brilliant polish. Then with equal care he began on Wally's. There was almost no sound in the cafe. All eyes were turned on the little group, though when Virginia lifted her burning face some of the eyes looked the other way.

"There you are," said Wally, "What did I tell you!" as the man put the last flourish on the brown shoes. The bootblack straightened back on his heels, picked up his box and brushes, and so quickly that Virginia hardly realized what had happened, he scooped up the money and laid the three pesetas in Wally's hand and then vanished.

"Hey," cried Wally, "It was only a joke!" He addressed the whole group, and the waiter in particular. "I was going to give the guy ten pesetas." He fumbled in his billfold and extracted a ten peseta note. "I was gonna give him this." But no one was looking at him now. "Hey camarero," he shouted, "Do you know where that guy's gone?" But the waiter knew no English. At least he did not reply.

"Ask him," Wally begged, but Virginia said, "He will not tell you."

"You haven't asked him," cried Wally. She turned her face, pale now, to the waiter and asked the question.

"He does not know," she said, "And he suggests that we leave now."

"But I want some more beer! Camarero, mas cerveza." But the waiter did not hear, nor the barman, and when Wally yelled, "All right, keep your beer, but give me the cuenta," no one brought the bill.

He threw a twenty-five peseta bill on the table and followed Virginia who was by now almost at the car door. They drove back to Granada in silence.

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► THIS HAS BEEN an eventful season in Canadian Broadcasting—probably more eventful than any since the establishment of The Canadian Radio Commission and its still (despite the efforts of the CAB) remarkably viable offspring, The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

The major event, of course, has been the arrival of television; an event which, in spite of its present limited scope, has tended to put events in the older field of sound broadcasting out of all our minds. Among these events, although this is becoming a routine matter, is the collection by the CBC of ten awards in the annual American Exhibition of Educational Radio Programs. Out of a total of nine first awards in which the CBC is in competition with all the American networks, our own radio system took four, as well

as one more for regional programs. To the writers, actors, musicians and producers of "Summer Fallow," "Return Journey," "Cross Section," and "Her Majesty the Queen," I would like to offer my own humble tribute for proving again that in some fields size and wealth are not everything.

The season has also seen the establishment of the CBC Symphony Orchestra, and the beginning, with Trans-Canada Matinee, of better programming for women. Despite this program's high quality and (a male would suppose) extreme usefulness to the audience to whom it is addressed, one has to append a certain reservation when one mentions it. Its quality is excellent, but its quantity is still woefully small—only three quarters of an hour, which is a mere half hour more than the women afternoon listeners had been getting. And it is still preceded by one soap opera and followed by four others.

During the past year, too, in addition to the Ohio University Awards mentioned above, American Broadcasting paid the CBC just about the highest tribute possible. The National Association of Educational Broadcasters and their backers The Ford Foundation, engaged Canadian writers to prepare, Canadian actors to perform, and Canadian producer Andrew Allan to produce and direct the series *The Ways of Mankind*. Now, after the series has been heard in both England and America, after it has gathered critical acclaim in both countries ("—a little more radio like this and TV had better get scared."), the folks at home are getting a chance to hear it. It began on Trans-Canada on Thursday, April ninth, (8.00 p.m., EST) and the two episodes heard so far, one by Lister Sinclair, the other by Len Peterson, have been excellent.

Finally on the credit side, there is the CBC's proposal, which we hope will become a reality, to compel all stations, private or public, to use a fixed percentage of Canadian material in their program schedules. This proposal, if adopted and enforced, may well give Canadian radio the most stimulating shot in the arm which it has ever had. The proposal can hardly affect CBC stations, which are already, for the greater part, well above the percentages suggested; but it may well force the private ones to take up those duties which they have almost completely neglected: the use of local talent; the production of a few programs on their own, instead of their present reliance on the disc jockey, using American records, and the packaged show, imported on American transcriptions; and in general a more serious consideration of the local radio station's public service functions.

On the debit side are most of the other projected revisions of the Corporation's Regulations for Broadcasting Stations. I have written at length about these before; perhaps, however, I might again remind you that longer commercials; more, longer, and evening "spot announcements" (now prohibited); and a general relaxation of the CBC's right to police and control can hardly make for better radio in Canada. Except from the viewpoint of the advertisers and the private station owners, and these, wallowing in profits as they are, definitely do not need concessions.

Also on the debit side is the Board of Governors' recent about-face in the matter of private TV stations. In this one must be charitable, making allowances on the Board's behalf for a probable nudge from the Government. But even so, these concessions are almost certainly regarded by the CAB members as the thin edge of a large and powerful wedge; for this reason they must be viewed with constant vigilance and unrelenting alarm by all citizens who have good radio and TV in mind.

Again, one must deplore the fact that the CBC's Radio and Television Departments are taking so long to integrate

themselves, and that, in general, the Program Department is, somehow, unable to see its operations as a whole. By way of example, I am writing this on a Thursday, April sixteenth. Now, my preferred listening on Thursday nights through the season just past has been CBC Theatre, on television, and this program ordinarily starts at eight and runs through to nine-thirty. Through the winter this has automatically deprived me of a good part of Citizens' Forum; now it conflicts with the *Ways of Mankind* series, mentioned above. And, on Dominion, it conflicts with another of the CBC's better programs, *Cross Section*. Here are three programs, all likely to appeal to the same kind of listener-viewer, so juxtaposed that one is forced to miss something. Speakers on Critically Speaking have frequently complained about this kind of programming, but little is done about it, though on the other hand people are always complaining that there isn't a single thing for the intelligent listener on Saturday nights. And, on Trans-Canada, very little on Tuesday nights either. Further to the problem of integration is the fact that, largely, the CBC's various departments are still not speaking to each other—the ridiculous "on another network" phrase is still heard. Dominion will not tell us what's on Trans-Canada or vice-versa, and neither of them ever gives out any information about what's on Television. I still think, most emphatically, that the time for competition is long past.

For some reason, possibly not unconnected with the large Buffalo audience in the Toronto area, TV program officials here seem to have been stampeded, during the last month or so, out of their original policy of the best possible shows, and let the audience grow up to them, and to have taken refuge in the American formula of "You *must* catch an audience and catch it quick." The Jackie Gleason Show, *Space Command*, *The Aldrich Family*, *Sight-Seeing with the Swayzes* (a real horror), are all evidences of this trend, as was the disappearance of the excellent TV version of *Court of Opinions*. Courage, gentlemen, and throw these bums out!

And finally on the TV problem, it seems impossible that Toronto TV officials do not realize how thoroughly bad their kinescope recordings are—fuzzy as to detail, either too contrasty or too flat—in general far below the quality of the live picture. And yet it is possible to make kinescopes which are barely distinguishable from the original. Since these kinescopes, of today's live shows, are to form a great part of the program material of tomorrow's new stations, it seems that something should be done about this fast, whatever the cost in staff or equipment. Otherwise the centres which have waited so long for their TV stations are not going to be pleased when they get them, and are fed a welter of blurry pictures.

Friends of folk music and of this journal will be glad to know that *Folk Song Time*, prepared by one of our editors, Edith Fowke, will be back on Trans-Canada Saturday afternoons through the summer. And friends of this column and of Mozart may be happy to know, as I am, that *The Music of Mozart* will also be back on that same network, but at a new time: Wednesday Nights, eleven to twelve midnight in the Eastern Time Zone.

Music Review

Milton Wilson

► THE LABELLING OF DRUGS and foods is an important matter, and most of us, I think, would regard an inaccurate and misleading label on a can as evidence of fraud, subject to prosecution. Yet we accept inaccurate labelling elsewhere with very little complaint, and I have yet to hear of a record company being prosecuted for selling a product with faulty identification. Most of us haven't the

material on hand to check what we hear and read, and therefore we accept the announcer's or annotator's blurb with only the occasional qualm. When we see a so-called unexpurgated version of *The Sun Also Rises* on the pocket book stand, we aren't likely to discover (certainly not before buying) that the work has been cut despite statements on the cover. When Remington gives us a recording of Schubert's *First Symphony* with the long slow introduction almost entirely omitted, all but the most confirmed Schubertian will be fooled. On other occasions, of course, the error is transparent. When a CBC announcer tells us that Sir Ernest MacMillan is about to conduct a *complete* performance of Handel's *Messiah*, many listeners (score in hand) are in a position to judge the claim.

Limiting the discussion to music, I suggest that record companies and radio stations abide by some sort of convention in this matter. Before we are told any edifying anecdotes about Beethoven's deafness or Mozart's poverty or Wagner's mistresses, certain basic information should be given: what the work is, and who wrote it; if there is more than one version, which is being played; if it has been revised or tinkered with in any significant way, what has been done and who did it. It is remarkable how many annotators fail to fulfil these minimum requirements.

For example, I have before me an excellent set of three LPs by the Handel Society, containing Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, whose program note on the cover, while extensive, fails to fulfil these requirements. It begins, "Some time during the summer of 1721 a distinguished looking gentleman, sophisticated in bearing and elegantly attired to the point of sporting a gold-headed cane, stepped up to the door of No. 57 Brook Street in London," and after more preliminaries goes on to tell us that Handel wrote three versions of *Acis and Galatea*, one in Italian, one in English and one in a mixture of the two. Some information is given about each, and the note ends with a discussion of the work's general quality. But in all this we are never told which version of *Acis and Galatea* is being performed on these records. The first version is obviously eliminated, but the 1720 and 1732 ones are not so easily dealt with. At first sight the English version seems more likely than the later mixed version, since there is no Italian sung in this set. But unfortunately the annotator has mentioned the name of a couple of the English numbers added in the 1732 version and they happen to be included on these records. Do we then have a conflation of the two? Or are we given the mixed version with the Italian numbers translated or perhaps all omitted? If they are omitted it is hard to see why the annotator spends time talking about a particularly delightful Italian piece in the mixed version, since the Handel Society has apparently not found it worth giving us. But there is more confusion than this. In the last part of the note we are told that in *Acis and Galatea* there are thirty individual pieces. If, however, we glance from the note to the records we discover only nineteen pieces actually performed. Apparently a third of the work has been omitted. But as to the why or how of such omission, the note is completely silent. Surely the Handel Society and other groups putting out records can do better than this. All one asks is that they identify the work accurately and then (if they wish) go on to less essential information.

Fortunately, whatever version of *Acis and Galatea* we may be getting on these records, it is well worth listening to. Handel called it a Pastoral Serenata not an opera, but it is a theatrical work, telling the story of the love of the shepherd Acis for the nymph Galatea, the rivalry of the monster Polypheme, Acis's death at the monster's hands, and his eventual resurrection as a fountain and river. Although the arias are charming, it is perhaps among the choruses and concerted numbers that Handel is at his best. I doubt if he

ever wrote a finer chorus than "Wretched Lovers" at the beginning of Part II, and the climactic trio between Acis, Galatea and Polypheme, just before Acis is murdered, is extremely powerful. Walter Goehr, the conductor, has given us a well coordinated and vigorous performance, and it is this overall excellence rather than any individual brilliance of chorus, orchestra or soloists that makes these records so enjoyable to listen to. They are very clearly recorded.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► THIS MONTH three-dimensional films arrived in Toronto—or at least one of them did. A quaint and disconnected African story, called *Bwana Devil*, written and directed by Arch Oboler, is playing here to excited capacity crowds. Perhaps because Oboler's chief interest for a long time was radio drama, where everything is delivered sight unseen, *Bwana Devil* suffers badly from over-writing and under-direction. African scenery and animal life have seldom appeared to less advantage, and the human characters, when they're not brewing pots of tea or sitting around waiting for a couple of superannuated man-eating lions to pick off another native, talk a strange semi-literary language that disappeared from print with the novels of P. C. Wren. If it had been photographed in the ordinary way, it would scarcely have rated a booking as the bottom half of a double bill at the Bijou. Even as it is, there are long stretches where there is practically nothing to occupy your attention but the fact that Nigel Bruce, the Scottish doctor, Robert Stack, the hag-ridden hero, and Barbara Britton, the decorative hag, who only appears in the second half of the show, do undoubtedly stand out from their surroundings in a way that is

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physically three-dimensional, if not humanly so. In a way, this lack of story-interest is fortunate, since as long as your emotions are not engaged, your attention is free to watch the new technique itself.

Obviously, 3-D is still very much in its infancy. For the time being you can disregard the claim, made in a black-and-white introductory reel by a man dressed up like a doctor, that this new Natural Vision photography, far from irritating your eyes, will actually make them bigger, stronger, and brighter than ever before. The fact is that even if you sit right in the middle of the auditorium, the image blurs and distorts if you have to lean to one side or the other to see it. As far as the photography itself is concerned, two things became clear almost immediately. One is that when a lion apparently leaps forward from the screen, or the face of the heroine projects, all puckered for a kiss, the image blurs and becomes fuzzy instead of more distinct and detailed. This is a mechanical difficulty in the focusing department, which more expert cameramen should be able to correct. The other obvious deficiency is that too little attention has been paid to close-ups. Figures and pieces of furniture in the foreground are so insistent, so much beyond life-size, that objects in the background become unnaturally dwarfed. Here, however, it's hard to decide whether the faulty proportion is a mote in the eye of the camera, to be overcome by a more judicious arrangement of sets, or a beam in the eyes of the audience which presumably will adapt themselves gradually to 3-D, just as they have in the past adapted themselves to the anomalies of flat movie photography. Whatever the reason, the sense you get in an ordinary room of looking at one person, but at the same time being aware of his surroundings, is quite absent in *Bwana Devil*.

However, none of these objections is really serious. For one thing, it is too early yet to say which of them can, and which cannot be overcome by mechanical adjustments. What's more, it seems perfectly natural that the shock value of 3-D should be developed first, and that perhaps for a long time to come its chief function will be to frighten or horrify the customer by optical illusion. It is depressing to reflect that we are probably in for dozens of 3-D remakes of *Dracula*, *Frankenstein*, *The Cat Men*, and other Boo pictures. In that sense, good picture-making has very likely been set back at least fifteen years. But this is an apparent, rather than a real setback. It certainly will not take the public long to realize that *Bwana Devil*, three dimensions or no three dimensions, is actually a dull picture.

But there is something else. As the *New Yorker* pointed out, Hollywood contends that there is, and always has been, too great a separation between screen and audience, and that once this gap is bridged, the industry will be revitalized. The lion, leaping, must land in your lap; the kiss must be delivered where it belongs, on the lips of the person who paid his money at the box-office. In other words, the tendency to identify oneself with the hero will be more marked than ever, and more catered to than ever. Hollywood's reluctance to make movies in which that simple but basically limiting self-identification is impossible, which had shown signs of weakening, will regain its lost strength. For instance, there was an enormous and encouraging gap between, say, *Winterset*, in which the hero and heroine were arbitrarily saved because an unhappy ending was unthinkable, and *Come Back, Little Sheba*, whose mature balance and ending Shirley Booth herself succeeded in preserving unchanged from the play. It had begun to look as if some movie-makers



ALERT BAY, B.C. (Wood Engraving)—W. J. PHILLIPS, B.C.A.

might be allowed to create the emotional experience any great work of art creates, an essential element of which is a lack of self-identification, or at least a complex reaction which allows for a momentary and changing identification from character to character, and an appreciation of theme as well as story. To have an audience's sympathy divided in that sense is by no means a bad thing. But 3-D so far seems to be avoiding that kind of complexity altogether; and as long as the novelty lasts, a return to good guys, bad guys, and simple violence may be all we can expect.

Correspondence

The Editor: As a former Canadian, now living in the U.S. but still deeply interested in Canadian affairs, I find *The Canadian Forum* an invaluable source of information about developments in Canadian thinking. Like many other Americans, however, I find myself embarrassed by a lack of simple facts. Even our best newspapers provide an inadequate coverage of Canadian news, and most of our news sources are likely to feature a Canadian story only when it contains something of unusual interest. We have to search among the small items to find out the result of a particular by-election, the fate of a particular bill, and so forth; and frequently our search is fruitless.

It seems to me that *The Canadian Forum* could provide a useful service if it were to include each month a column of news items for the benefit of those who have no access to the Canadian daily press. Such a column might be merely a series of items, without editorial comment, listing the significant events of the preceding month, e.g., statistics of election returns, major parliamentary decisions, outstanding scientific discoveries, important university appointments, awards for achievement in the arts. Or, it might be written in more discursive fashion, like the "News of the Week" page in the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*.

This is merely a suggestion, but I hope it appeals to you. It would certainly appeal to your foreign readers; and it might be of value to your Canadian readers as well.

Robert B. MacLeod, Professor of Psychology
Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.

[We are adopting Prof. MacLeod's suggestion, beginning with this issue. Comments on this feature — Canadian Calendar — will be appreciated.—Ed.]

The Editor: The Shakespearean Festival which will open at Stratford, Ontario, next July 13 is a fantastic project from start to finish.

The first fact is that the brightest stars in the "Who's Who" of British theatre have offered their services for a fraction of their usual rates. To this little town on the Avon River will come Tyrone Guthrie, Alec Guinness, Irene Worth (whose Portia recently drew rave notices from London critics), Cecil Clarke (who left his post as Productions Manager at the Old Vic to become Guthrie's Assistant Director), Jacqueline Cundall (former Property Mistress at the Old Vic).

The attitude of Stratford's citizens is equally incredible. At last count there were 18,548 inhabitants. It is probable that at the beginning most of them thought of the commercial advantages an influx of tourists would bring, but somewhere along the way the hope of financial gain faded and a new spirit replaced it. Stratford people realize now that the project will operate at a loss, but they couldn't care less. The whole town has jumped on the cultural bandwagon. Stratford, Ontario, is destined to win renown as a

festival centre, and its citizens feel that is compensation for their efforts.

To carry the initial costs a drive for \$150,000 has been launched, and so far the response to this has been amazing.

Stratford itself exceeded its own quota by several thousand dollars—in less than ten days. The drive is only now spreading to other centres, but already it looks as if results will exceed expectations.

Not the least remarkable aspect of the festival is the personality of Tom Patterson, who originated the project and has been its chief sparkplug. For twenty years he cherished the festival as a private dream, and when the Stratford city council—finally converted by his enthusiasm—sent him to England on a star-hunting expedition, he stuck his thumb in the British theatrical pie and pulled out the prize plums with a single-minded efficiency.

It seems hardly credible that because of this man great names in British theatre will be strolling through the quiet parks of Stratford next summer, that people from Greenland to California are already writing in to reserve tickets, that the apron stage which Tanya Moiseiwitsch has designed is causing a furore in theatrical circles, that professors and Shakespeare Societies through North America are waiting to see what Guthrie will do with "Richard III" and "All's Well," that tourists will be flocking to Stratford from all corners of the continent.

Vera Johnson, Toronto, Ont.

Books Reviewed

HENRY FIELDING, HIS LIFE, WORKS, AND TIMES:

F. Homes Dudden; Oxford (Clarendon Press); 2 vols. pp. xii; 1183; \$17.50.

The Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, has written a very long and, in some ways, a most impressive book about that novelist who, Smart said, "serves to dispel all gloom from our minds." A book of such length must obviously give a great deal of its attention to the times. This is legitimate material in Fielding's case because his works were so closely set in the age. His characterization, never far away from real people, was so close in his plays that an alarmed government brought in the Licensing Act of 1737, which stopped Fielding's writing for the stage. One will find in this study plenty about the eighteenth century. There are massive sections on such things as the five theatres, the Walpole opposition, and London crime, while there are footnotes (and excellent ones) of large proportions on such subjects as parsons' incomes, gin, and the earthquakes of 1750.

Mr. Dudden (and here we may be critical) has provided a long footnote on the history of Bartholomew Fair appended to a passage in which he disproves that Fielding ever had a booth at Bartholomew. There is little about the age a wandering reader may not find here, except in the area of ideas. Mr. Dudden writes in that recognizable tradition of English scholarship which eschews ideas in favor of social texture and event. The sections on Salisbury, which was the home of Fielding's first wife and a favorite retreat, show how finely Mr. Dudden can work in his period. He betrays a markedly English interest in the personalities of the Fielding story, and, with some concessions to Victorian sentiment, he seems generally to regard eighteenth-century people as colorful. George II particularly seems to have a colorful family. Some of these historical personalities we shall agree are colorful, such as "Count Ugly" Heidegger, "Hubble-bubble" Newcastle, and to be sure "Harlequin" Rich, who tried to forget people's names, including his own, who liked

Lumber Camp Railway

Coming down on the rail-car out of that country
That nobody wants except when it's frozen
(Where distance is not the places you go through
But only how long it takes to get there,
And the railway schedule is more important
And about as dependable as the sunshine)
We huddle together in a twilit box
That scuttles like a spider down a thread
(Or a run-away coffin in a haunted cemetery),
Our buttocks numb from jolting and boredom,
Smelling of cigarettes, woodsmoke and underwear,
Talking about alcohol, stupidity and accidents,
In French or English, confused by the rattle.

Travelling like that, I remember one day,
A fox ran out in front on the track
And everyone shouted and hoped we would hit it—
Little black feet like a pomeranian,
Triangular face, bronze body, and tail
Like a thistle-down balloon floating gently behind him.
As the engine came on, he could not decide . . .
This side? . . . That side? . . . ridiculously frightened,
Swerving for his life in a flutter of snow,
Jerking his body in spasms of effort,
Then gone in the ditch. An Indian told me:
"The market is low. Fox are hardly worth trapping."

Coming down we belong to nothing about us,
Least of all, the forest (that endures us only
As the ocean endures the impertinent ship)
The arrogant, endless democracy of trees —
Snow-covered spruce, like ragged old kings
With long white hair and moth-eaten beards;
Jackpine, like scarecrows; birch like policemen;
And alders sprouting like nervous children —
Trees, trees, trees, like an unabridged dictionary,
Or crowds from all the city streets of the world
Observing perpetual Armistice Day,
Silent, at attention, waiting for judgment.

Then (like an island with peaks and clouds)
We see the roofs and smoke of the town,
And can hardly remember how long we were gone.
Hours or weeks? The days have slid together
Into the same anonymous blur with the trees.
The rail-car brings us in, like a faithful comet
That has wandered beyond the ring of the planets,
Compelled by the same sure gravity of need,
Back to the fuel oil, and solar comforts of home.

Gael L. Turnbull

Memorial

I will take a speech made yesterday in the United Nations
By the member from India. I will take the angry words
Of a sullen boy and bind them up together,
And give them into the care of the wind, nightflying birds,

Moving silently as morning over the homes of men.
I will take the urgency of trains, the sound that sings
In the steel rails. I will journey into the featureless fog
Where a bell buoy rings

And bear that sound away. I will take the words of Lincoln
and Barabbas,
The whispering of wind on the Mount of Olives, and blend
Them into one timeless sound that has no sorrow,
And shall speak to my friend.

Alfred W. Purdy.

The Lost

With unholy zeal
He buries daily
Residual efforts
(The posting of a letter)
Within his narrow
Chamber of despair,

Whose walls embalm
Articulated chatter,
Meetings never kept,
A novel tossed aside,
Music heard but lost,
Dead ends of effort
And plans not mapped
For route . . .

Mark them, Future,
They yield no sign
Of his intent,
No outward trappings
Of awareness.
Quite simply now,
While there is time,
Dissever whatever
Your readings give
Of discernible pattern
To bolster post-assumptions
On a subject that,
Never once took form,
Who cared not whence he came
Nor whither bound.

Vernal House.

Treasure

The silver coinage of the moon
Is minted in the sea;
But here within the still lagoon
One only coin has she.

Kathryn Munro.

Retrospection

I have made a poem for which I cannot find the words.
The old icehouse in Trenton, long since torn down.
The curious childhood people, out of another time
As far away as Babylon, that other ancient town.

Before the roads were paved . . . the country wagons,
Enormous clouds of dust that poised and held.
A dark significance in the lettering of signs and billboards,
I never knew what they spelled.

My people were little people; they called us children,
Separate races living together, but each alone
With their thoughts and seeking different objectives:
Collecting hoards of treasure or finding a colored stone.

And those were magical things we did: making a world,
and sketching in the outlines every day;
Often adding a little something all our own,
Deleting unpleasant things if there was a way.

Surely it seems there must be a poem lurking
Under all that charming debris, fold upon fold
Of patchwork, glinting and varied, inexorably fading . . .
Ah, I am so old!

Alfred W. Purdy.

to take tea in the company of his twenty-seven cats. Mr. Dudden cannot often be accused of missing the higher tones in his portraits, but James Ralph, for one, might have taken a brighter finish. His sketches include a very moving portrait of Fielding's blind half-brother John, a person of great public spirit.

The portrait of Fielding himself has not been greatly altered in Mr. Dudden's study. This is the same Fielding we have known for a long time, particularly through the biography by Mr. Cross. Here still is the vigorous aristocrat of old family, who satirized with insolent courage, who took a lady for his first wife and (none too quickly) a housemaid for his second, who espoused an aristocratic morality, and who, while leaving gentlemen to their pleasures, set out rather harshly to reform the habits of the lower classes. Behind the better aristocratic ways of the novelist looms an Aristotelian reference which included a Salisbury friend, the philosopher James Harris. The Fielding biographer is confronted with some problems. Documents are not plentiful, especially in the early years. (There are only twenty Fielding letters in all.) And further, the strongly sensualized mind of Fielding is somewhat lacking in inward interest. Such deficiency of interest is not made up for in this study by a well-directed critical examination of Fielding's writings. In general the criticism we find here, with its exhaustive attention to such matters in *Tom Jones* as chronology, anachronism, and identification, seems somewhat less than satisfactory.

The student will find real value in the extensive study of Fielding's plays, which in a sense put Pope's quarrels on the stage. This is the best part of the book. These pages will arouse interest in the playwright whom Shaw described as, Shakespeare excepted, "the greatest practising dramatist . . . produced by England between the Middle Ages and the nineteenth century." The critic will perhaps get most from Mr. Dudden's dense catalogues of Fielding's allusions, tastes, and topics, for these, read rightly, become a gathering of the novelist's imagination.

Kenneth MacLean

THE SHOCKING HISTORY OF ADVERTISING; E. S. Turner; Michael Joseph; pp. 303; \$3.50.

With great diligence Mr. Turner has traced the course of advertising in Britain and America since the seventeenth century. For almost two centuries it was the monopoly of quacks and charlatans. The machine age was well advanced before reputable business men overcame their distaste for "puffery." Those who did confined themselves to an endless repetition of names and slogans. The new popular press welcomed the flow of gold, but placed restrictions on type-sizes and display.

It was the less inhibited Americans who led the way to more persuasive methods. Advertising craftsmen urged their clients to describe the product, to talk "convincingly" about its merits—and showed them how to do it. This refined form of "puffery" had just got into its stride when the psychologists exposed its weakness. Man, they said, was less a reasoning animal than a creature of instincts and impulses. Advertising men took the hint. Aided by advances in engraving and printing which gave the artist greater scope, advertising began to play upon human desires and fears. It sought wherever possible, by a process of association and suggestion, to attach the product to these powerful urges, and so create a readier acceptance for its alleged merits. This new technique, invented by the Americans and later adopted in Britain, has given modern advertising enormous power, whose abuse we see on every hand.

The "shocking story" is, on the one side, the story of an increasing ingenuity, and often a shameless lack of responsi-

bility, in the use of this power. On the other, it is a record of continuous efforts, public and private, to check its abuse and protect the consumer. Mr. Turner has related the twofold story with admirable balance and fairness. He concludes on a hopeful note: "The responsibility for raising the standards of advertising (as of the Press) lie partly with the public, but not wholly so as many apologists pretend. Human nature, though glacially slow to improve, has responded on occasion to a lead; and today the advertising man, with his self-imposed code setting a standard higher than the law requires, can firmly claim to have given this lead. He must be encouraged to extend it . . . His greatest difficulty in the future will be to prevent adventurers in his camp from betraying his standards." The real question, of course, is how much encouragement "the advertising man" will receive from those who employ him.

Fergus Glenn

A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S PROSE; W. Somerset Maugham; Macmillan; pp. 338; \$3.50.

It was the Indian stories that carried Rudyard Kipling to such glittering pinnacles of popularity and fame in the nineties of the last century. When he diverged from the scenes he loved and knew so well in his young manhood, his popularity as a fiction writer declined. Yet his talent was a varied one, and many have found in the stories of his "third period" a depth, an insight and a compassion which are lacking in the Indian tales.

To illustrate this variety, Mr. Maugham has included in his selection from Kipling's short fiction four stories with an English setting—"They," "The Brushwood Boy," "The Finest Story in the World," and "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat" (the last a specimen of Kipling's taste for the rougher forms of practical joking). But Mr. Maugham believes that Kipling was at his best in the stories about Indians and British India, and eleven of these make up the balance of the anthology. They include the tender and pathetic "Without Benefit of Clergy," the grimly tragic "At the End of the Passage" and "The Man Who Was," and that strange mixture of the humorous and the horrible, "The Man Who Would Be King." There are two of the Soldiers Three tales and one of the best of the Mowgli stories—in which Mr. Maugham thinks that Kipling's gifts found their most brilliant expression.

In a penetrating essay, Mr. Maugham sketches enough of Kipling's background and experience to explain certain of his limitations, and shows us a man whose discordant aspects of personality produced writing of such contrasting quality that he was sometimes accused of insincerity. This queer mixture of several selves is a peculiarity of all good writers of fiction. "The strange thing about Kipling is that the self called Beetle (the schoolboy Kipling of "Stalkey & Co.") which one would have thought increasing age and the experience of life would have caused to disintegrate remained alive in all its strength almost to his dying day."

Kipling's deficiencies were far outweighed by his sheer ability to tell a story that grips the reader's interest and sustains it to the end. "He is the only writer of short stories our country has produced who can stand comparison with Guy de Maupassant and Chekhov," concludes Mr. Maugham. "He is our greatest story writer."

Carlton McNaught

THE HARMONY OF AESCHYLUS; E. T. Owen; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 130; \$3.00.

A "very sympathetic interpretation" and "a pleasant and simply written commentary": this is how the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* introduces his judicious remarks on the late Professor Owen's book. "Technical, unat-

tractive to the generality of readers": thus the reviewer in *Saturday Night*, who goes on to imply that this work is a sort of Ph.D. thesis or academic pot-boiler! A reader of these reviews might well wonder what manner of writing could provoke such contradictory opinions. But the explanation is simple: the former reviewer read the book and appreciated its merit as the mature fruit of many years of devoted scholarship and profoundly sensitive reflection, while the latter either did not read beyond the first few sentences of the Editor's Preface, or, if he did, was prevented (whether by defect of intelligence or education one cannot say) from understanding its meaning and importance. But ignorance, even in a reviewer, is surely not enough; though it may be more venial than malice, it is also more exasperating. *The Harmony of Aeschylus* could be called "technical" only in the sense that everything is technical to the wholly uninitiated, and could seem "unattractive" only to those for whom Greek tragedy holds no attractions. The book, which was prepared for publication by the author's son (with the help of Professor Adams) and by him so aptly titled, analyses and interprets each of the surviving plays of Aeschylus and illumines the soul—which, according to Plato, is a kind of harmony—of Aeschylean dramaturgy. It shows how each play is a harmony, a resolution and reconciliation of discordant forces, achieved by the ritual, and verbally dramatic, functions of the Chorus. "Tragedy with Aeschylus is not yet a dramatic story with a chorus fitted into it, as it became with Sophocles when the more obvious . . . dramatic interest of story triumphed and altered the nature of the art; . . . the whole play is the dramatization of the choral hymn . . . A Choric Song was a religious act, and therefore believed capable of affecting the course of human affairs." Though short, and perhaps in a formal way "unfinished" because posthumous, this book is lucid, full of food for profitable thought, and suggestive of new approaches to early drama; built on the foundations of Headlam and Sheppard, as many quotations testify, it is nevertheless original in its central conception and should be equally strong in its influence.

R. M. H. Shepherd.

A HISTORY OF VICTORIA UNIVERSITY: C. B. Sissons; University of Toronto Press; pp. 346; \$5.00

A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE; 1852-1952; edited by T. A. Reed; University of Toronto Press; pp. 313; \$3.50.

Trinity College was one hundred years old last year; Victoria is older. Their history has been told in these two volumes from their embryonic stages through to the present time. They describe the struggle to establish educational opportunities in Upper Canada at a time when there was little or no provision for general education and nonconformists fought for the right to have their own system of teaching.

It is perhaps possible to acquire a better perspective upon those two stalwart antagonists, John Strachan and Egerton Ryerson, than on later personalities. Certainly the spotlight shows them more clearly, I think, than later figures. Perhaps they left more records and letters for the historian than others have done, as in both histories the earlier part seems more dramatic for the general reader.

When John Strachan came to York in 1812 it was a struggling place with 800 people living in it and the United States had just declared war on Great Britain. For thirty years after he was involved in conflicts about land set aside as Clergy Reserves and in the establishment of a University in Upper Canada. The nature of this university was to be a matter of heated argument for many years. Upper Canada Academy opened in Cobourg in 1836. This was the result of

long and patient planning, of devoted preachers travelling to meetings easier to get to in winter over ice and snow than in summer, of newspaper controversy, of carefully gathered subscriptions promised by settlers here and supporters from overseas. In 1850 Toronto had grown to 30,000 people when Trinity College bought property on Queen Street. This Bishop Strachan thought was "too far in the suburbs ever to become a site for business." Professor Sissons has a fine chapter on The Forging of Federation (1873-1892). That unique development brought these two colleges among others under the University of Toronto. It moved Victoria from Cobourg to Toronto and Trinity College to a new site on Hoskin Avenue.

The two colleges so different in origin have kept their individuality yet worked in harmony together. Graduates will be particularly interested in these books with their records of college customs and careers of distinguished alumni and alumnae. They are also recommended to that growing number of people who are curious about our early history and why our institutions exist in the particular form in which they do.

Helen Frye.

THE CREST OF THE BROKEN WAVE: James Barke; Collins; pp. 320; \$3.00.

This is the fourth in a series of five "novels" based on the life of Robert Burns, which Barke began in 1946 with the publication of *The Wind that Shakes the Barley*. This is not a heavyweight work by any means, and those who are serious Burns enthusiasts will doubtless prefer the solidier biographies without the benefit of any more fiction than inevitably surrounds the fabulous bard. Barke, however, approaches his subject with his reverence tempered by good Scottish common sense. He adds little to our knowledge of

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

THE WORLD and the WEST

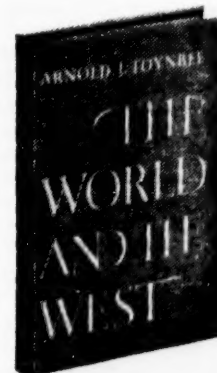
Mr. Toynbee possesses an unparalleled grasp of the historical process. He is realistic without being cynical, impartial yet aware of the moral values at stake. Now he enables us to look at the present crucial encounter between the World and the West through the eyes of the great non-Western majority of mankind.

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Burns himself, but knows thoroughly the country and the life of Burns' day. This segment of the story, like the rest, is told as a simple narrative without delving below the surface of Burns' life. He does provide us in the course of this volume with the original version of "Tam O'Shanter" including the lines objected to in Edinburgh:

"Three Lawyers' tongues, turned inside out, wi' lies
seamed like a beggar's clout; three Priests' hearts, rotten,
black as muck, lay stinking, vile, in every neuk."

This particular volume deals with Burns' heartbreaking attempt to turn the sour acres of "Ellisland" to profit. It was here that he took Jean Armour after their marriage, but their numerous offspring were the most successful crop they raised, and included the illegitimate daughter of Burns and Anna Park of Dumfries. The writer presents Jean Armour as almost unbearably noble, but life with Burns must certainly have made enormous demands upon her strength of character.

That the genius of Burns could shine as it did through the overwhelming poverty and squalor of most of his life is the everlasting wonder that will continue to inspire his biographers. It is inevitable that the fictional form chosen by James Barke for his loving portrait should contain both too much and too little, incorporating as it does so much of the trivia, and not enough of the essence.

Hilda Kirkwood

LOVE THE CONQUEROR WORM: Irving Layton; Contact Press; pp. 49; \$1.50.

THE HOUSE; Anthony Frisch; Ivy Publishing Co.; pp. 32.

THIRD POEMS; Anthony Frisch; Ivy Publishing Co.; pp. 28.

BLACK-PANTHER-SEARCH; Charles H. Howe; Wagon & Starr Press; pp. 49.

Irving Layton is a talented writer of integrity, whose best work has been written in a deep and expressive anger with injustice and hypocrisy. That makes it more regrettable that for the second time in a row he has brought out a disappointing new collection, *Love the Conqueror Worm*, having still less of the strength and color of the author's best work than its predecessor *The Black Huntsman*. The new poems are surprisingly thin and forced for one of Mr. Layton's stature—though on the credit side one can record that at least most of them do still have something to say. His not negligible public may join hopefully with the poet in the lines from "Soleil de Noces"

"I wait
for the good lines
to come."

Judging from a note at the back of *The House*, Anthony Frisch is a prolific writer. This may be part of his trouble, as many of the poems in this collection of thirty give an impression of insufficient consideration and work. There is, though, a hopeful improvement in the quality of verse in "Third Poems" over the earlier group. Mr. Frisch should watch a tendency to tack on a pat line or phrase to make a too-neat conclusion to each poem.

The title of *Black-Panther-Search* suggests the contrived effort for originality seen intermittently in a collection of work, much of it previously published in small verse magazines and newspaper verse columns in the United States, which is otherwise trite and conventional in both idea and expression.

Anne Marriott

THE LAW OF THE VULTURES; Phyllis Altman; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 206; \$2.75.

This neatly written book elaborates a simple but effective plot idea. It traces the fate of a South African black in Johannesburg who begins by having an ideal job and relationship with white people under existing conditions and ends by organizing an abortive murder plot against whites. With perhaps too passionless restraint the writer shows the nature of the social and economic cleft stick in which the African is caught so that he cannot change his condition.

His disintegrating detribalized slum existence is held largely responsible. At the centre of the culture the black fights so hard for a minimum security that he cannot educate himself, develop a group sense, or follow up rational ways of solving his vast predicament.

Unfortunately the book suffers from monotony of setting and situation, and insufficient interaction between the white and black man's worlds. Though it is indicated that, owing to the African's lack of unity and understanding, neither trade unionism nor armed revolt is a workable solution, this fact emerges too much as a thesis. Characterization suffers somewhat and the chance of a forceful climax is lost. While a clear picture of typical Bantu urban existence is drawn, the vastness of this human tragedy is not conveyed.

David Parsons.

THE SKIN: Curzio Malaparte; Alvin Redman; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 379; \$3.50.

The would-be benign and compassionate figure of the protagonist in this Italian novel seems ridiculous to me. Amid violent scenes of souped-up suffering and degeneracy he delivers nasty cracks and sardonic comments intended to show just how rotten is the nature of all that he holds dear. This love envelops the American Army as well as the ravaged Naples of the war years, which is its central subject matter, but no wonder the American press objects so violently to the affection lavished on its kinsmen. Never was such a pack of clueless jerks and wayward creeps forgiven so magnanimously for so many a hard-hearted thought, word and deed. This back-handed Messiah wanders around the Neapolitan scene in a rapture of condemnatory affection, embroidering his remarks with as much neurotic and intractable skin imagery as the novel will hold without bursting its own livid epidermis.

I have a feeling that the author may have dipped into a few of the recent American war novels. If this conjecture is fact, then the Americans are reaping their own whirlwind, and are being given a lesson in the handling of their pet formula, which populates all theatres of war with psychopathic refugees from the novels of the Deep South. Now they are being shown just what can be done when an author really has a 100 per cent grudge against the 100 per cent American way of life.

G.W.

MY PRIDE, MY FOLLY; Suzanne Butler; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 311; \$3.95.

The high-bosomed lady on the jacket of Suzanne Butler's popular novel may be misleading in her resemblance to those of the "Forever Amber" school. Her kinship is really rather remote. Kirstina Brandt, is in fact a nineteenth century Viking, and her strength is that of ten ordinary men. Her story is an old-fashioned yarn, full of action (incredible) and passion (theatrical). It would indeed provide Hollywood with an excellent script if only it had a "hero." Who ever heard of a female Errol Flynn?

The story traces Kirstina's steps from the time she leaves Denmark at the age of sixteen, a young woman with a firm purpose and realistic money sense, betrothed to a middle-aged Danish inn-keeper in the Boston of about 1840. However, she falls in love with Michael Shea, a sailor, and stakes her dowry to buy her freedom—and Michael. When she is unable to dominate his love of the sea, and finds herself at the mercy of his unkind Aunt, the news of his drowning drives her to desperate methods of survival for herself and her infant son. Work as a laundress in Montreal after a narrow escape from the fever sheds, a marriage of convenience, removal to a decadent household at what appears to be Port Credit, then a centre for lake shipping, all this and other trials of the flesh and spirit bring out all Kirstina's strength and determination. Michael of course, turns up, and all is resolved in an amazingly contrived whirligig of circumstance. The incidental pictures of Boston, Montreal and Port Credit a century ago are interesting. Outside of this, the readers of *The Forum* may safely leave this one to the lending library trade.

H.T.K.

BLANKET BOY'S MOON; Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus; Collins; pp. 320; \$3.00.

Despite florid passages and occasional religiosity, this book fulfils many expectations arising from the fact that it is the first joint literary effort of a white and a black South African. There is considerable penetration of the Bantu world and outlook. But, though the book is rich in insights and incidents, it is primarily an adventure story, drawing its wealth and depth from a treasure house of conflict and variety of setting. It tells mainly of the life of a Basuto in Johannesburg, Basutoland, Durban and Laureço Marques. The section on Basutoland, though not the most exciting or sensational, is perhaps the best. The native life and customs,

including ritual murder, and the impact of the white man are excellently described and related to the greater pattern.

Panoramic and emotionally moving as it is, the novel frequently highlights major issues without weaving them into the story. It pauses for these and then moves on. Somehow the chief character stands outside of them; his emotionalism is self-centered. His characterization is inconsistent too, though the action is marvellously sustained and the unfamiliar is deftly presented. One cannot accept the hero as allegorical to discount his inconsistency as there is no integral sense of society or racial destiny in the book. Hence the multiplicity and diversity of his experiences are largely, and satisfyingly, just entertaining.

David Parsons.

ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT: Paul H. Douglas; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 114; \$3.00.

Recently the opposition has been trying to embarrass the Government in Ottawa about skulduggery at Petawawa. In the United States there has been one disclosure after another of widespread corruption among public officials. This is one reason the Democrats were turned out of office. Huge waste in building African air bases has been traced to the favors army officers have accepted from contractors. Tax collectors have become wealthy by going easy on those due to pay large income taxes. Everyone has heard of the mink coats rewarded those who dispensed lavish loans from government agencies.

Such evidence of corruption makes some discouraged with popular government itself. We are apt to forget that the very secrecy in which one-party dictatorships today cloak their dealings enables corruption to flourish. The political morality under representative governments is saintly too, compared with aristocracies of other times. In eighteenth century England the fortunes of many leading families were formed by private use of government funds and the sale of public appointments. Thousands enjoyed the income, pres-

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tige, and pension of a post for which they did nothing. The duties were performed by some anonymous inferior hired at a small fraction.

For many the very word "politics" connotes corruption. This opinion is unfounded. For private business life is riddled with practices which would bring a public official to shame. We think nothing when a buyer in a private business accepts expensive gifts and lavish entertainment from interested parties. If a government appointee is found accepting them he is exposed to disgrace. Yet the official in the private business equally betrays his position of trust. We hear far less of corruption in business precisely because it is private and does not have to face the white light of publicity. A private business functions like a political dictatorship. Moreover, there is no bribe-taker without a bribe-giver. A principal source of corruption is private business seeking government favors. Is socialization of business the solution?

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Douglas P. Dryer.

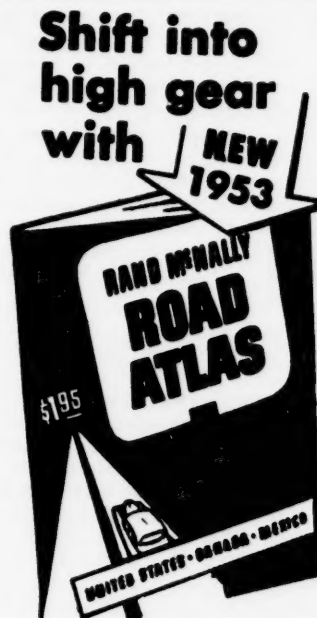
Books Received

- THE LOST CHURCHES OF CHINA: Leonard M. Outerbridge; Ryerson; pp. 237; \$4.00.
 AUTHENTIC LETTERS FROM UPPER CANADA: edited by Thomas Radcliff; Macmillan; pp. 207; \$3.00.
 PAN-SLAVISM: ITS HISTORY AND IDEOLOGY: Hans Kohn; University of Notre Dame Press; pp. 356; \$6.25 (U.S.A.).
 BOOKS IN GENERAL: V. S. Pritchett; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 258; \$3.00.
 AMERICAN LIFE: DREAM AND REALITY: W. Lloyd Warner; Gage (University of Chicago Press); pp. 268; \$4.10.
 HIGHLAND SETTLER: A PORTRAIT OF THE SCOTTISH GEL IN NOVA SCOTIA: Charles W. Dunn; University of Toronto Press; pp. 179; \$4.00.
 THE NEW TOWN: Mervyn Jones; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 320; \$3.25.
 STRASBOURG GEESE AND OTHER VERSES: Sagittarius; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 128; \$2.25.
 NATURALLY YOURS: Cathleen Schurr; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 239; \$3.25.
 AN ITALIAN VISIT: C. Day Lewis; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 77; \$1.60.
 FIVE PLAYS: Ben Jonson; Oxford (The World's Classics); pp. 569; \$3.75.
 AN INTRODUCTION TO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRAMA 1700-1780: Frederick S. Boas; Oxford; pp. 365; \$2.00.
 ANTHROPOLOGY TODAY; A. L. KROEBER: W. J. Gage & Co. (University of Chicago Press); pp. 966; \$9.00.
 SCOTLAND OF THE SAINTS: D. D. C. Pochin Mould; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 168; \$5.00.
 TASTE OF DEATH: Feen McGrew; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 250; \$3.00.
 THE PRIVATE LIVES OF THE PROPHETS: Brooke Peters Church; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 246; \$3.25.
 IN THE WET: Nevil Shute; George J. McLeod; pp. 339; \$4.00.
 DESIRED HAVEN: E. M. Richardson; Ryerson; pp. 286; \$3.50.
 BULWARK OF THE WEST: Arthur C. Turner; Ryerson (Contemporary Affairs); pp. 106; \$2.00.

Our Contributors

MAURICE LOWE, of White Rock, B.C., writes: "I live in the country, gardening, teaching, doing the very small amount of composition that time will permit and being a cultural lone wolf. Am conscious of an increasing lack of sympathy with music in the western world, all the way from Beethoven and Brahms to Copeland and Britten, and look for a musical spirit that will reduce all the technical lumber of the day to a mature simplicity—a coiled power like that of Plain Chant, East Indian dancing and Sung Dynasty painting . . ." LAURA HUNTER MACKENZIE lives in

Vancouver, B.C. . . . W. FRIEDMANN is professor of Law at the University of Toronto . . . RUTH GRUNDY is with The National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa . . . JOHN OUGHTON, is with the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.



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